THE LIVING AGE

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for January, 1933

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

REAMS of comment on Mr. Roosevelt's election appeared in the foreign press, and we have selected seven representative articles from six different countries. Space prevents our summarizing all the separate items here but we have tried to indicate their trend in the opening paragraphs of 'The World Over.' The only further word that needs to be said is that we have reproduced only material that attempted to discover some real significance in the outcome or that threw light on what other countries expect from the Democrats in the way of foreign policy.

MANY of our readers will remember Charles N. Edge as the author of an article, 'The Changing Value of Man,' that we printed exactly a year ago. This month he writes on the subject of Technocracy, taking as his text Howard Scott's statement in our December issue. As head of a New York Stock Exchange house, Mr. Edge represents the conservative if not the actual Wall Street point of view, and he therefore parts company with Technocracy at the very outset by insisting on retaining the price system. Both his facts and his interpretations are as arresting as Mr. Scott's, but his solution is the diametrical opposite. Instead of encouraging machines to function as smoothly as possible, Mr. Edge would handicap them with taxation and legislation until every potential worker could be sure of a full-time job.

HOWARD SCOTT, director of Technocracy, requests us to print the following statement in his behalf: 'Technocracy can be responsible only for statements issued under the authority of its directors. Material on Technocracy has recently appeared without Technocracy's indorsement. Only the articles in the December LIVING AGE and the January *Harper's* have that indorsement. Technocracy is applying to incorporate itself as a non-profit-making organization in order to protect itself from misrepresentation.'

TWO years ago Colin Ross completed a ten-year journey around the world and shortly afterward published a book about it in which he announced: 'The world crisis is here.' His familiarity with colonial and primitive people, whose lives have suddenly been revolutionized by the machine, enables him to tell what has really happened since West and East have met. His article on 'Primitives and Civilization' points out that even children of the Australian aborigines can acquire a Western education just as quickly as white children and that the primitive has the advantage over the civilized man in possessing a more fatalistic philosophy.

ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY, author of *Night Flight*, a recent best seller, is a pilot in the French Aëropostal Service. It is his business to fly over the west coast of Africa on the regular mail service between France and South America, and he gives some exciting descriptions of his adventures as well as a summary of the air pilot's philosophy of life.

THE name of Charles Andler has been mentioned before in THE LIVING AGE by German critics who have been following the publication of his six-volume life of Nietzsche since 1920. The work is now completed, and Edmond Jaloux, critic and novelist, ranks it with the very best literary criticism that France has produced. He summarizes Andler's thesis and methods and then Frédéric Lefèvre, editor of *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, reports a recent conversation he had with M. Andler on certain aspects of Nietzsche that M. Jaloux did not cover. We call special attention to this article, not only for its real

(*Continued on page 469*)

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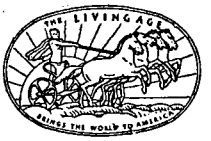
THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



January, 1933 *Volume 343, Number 4396*

The World Over

THE FOREIGN PRESS has recognized more widely than our own the revolutionary implications of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's election. Although the seven articles we have selected on the subject speak for many different national and economic interests, every one of them dwells chiefly on the changes to be looked for in American domestic and foreign policy. Whereas observers in this country were so amazed by the sheer magnitude of the Democratic sweep that they tended to ignore its causes and consequences, foreign observers recognized that the depression alone had decided the outcome and that drastic measures are now in order. What the rising resentment of the populace may lead to at home in the way of unemployment insurance, inflation, prohibition reform, agricultural relief, and higher taxation need not concern us here. The question that interests Europe is what the Democratic foreign policy will be.

We go to press in the teapot tempest of war-debt disputes, for the actual sum of money involved amounts to only one-thirtieth of the total federal budget. France's defaulted payment amounted to only one-twentieth of her military expenditures for the year. England owed on that date only one-seventh of what she had to pay on December 1 to redeem the war-time bonds that were not traded in last summer as a result of the highly successful plan for converting five-per-cent securities into three-and-a-half per-cents. But the stupidity of America so far

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exceeded the chicanery of Europe that the process of transferring slightly more than one hundred million dollars from one side of the Atlantic to the other created a veritable panic. By raising tariff walls and still expecting debt payments in gold, by loaning money abroad and still expecting to sell goods in the very countries that were being financed, the United States did the lion's share of the damage. For the past twelve years of Republican rule America's foreign, financial, and commercial policies have been a tangle of contradictions, and the year of reckoning has at last arrived.

THE FIRST STEPS in the new Administration's foreign policy will therefore be a salvage operation. Although war debts must be virtually written off within the next six months, they still have value for trading purposes. In exchange for further drastic reductions the European debtors might be persuaded to support American policy in the Far East, to readjust their tariffs, or to cut their military expenditures. The moment is propitious, at least as far as disarmament is concerned. The French elections of last spring voted the militarism of Tardieu out of power just as definitely, although not so overwhelmingly, as the recent American elections voted out the Republicanism of Mr. Hoover. The chief obstacle to European harmony was therefore removed about eight months before America repudiated an Administration whose foreign policies had been conspicuously ineffective.

That a Democratic Administration will reduce tariffs to any appreciable degree seems unlikely in the face of the Ottawa Conference. But that trading arrangements will be entered into with individual countries is altogether probable. By far the most important prospect of this kind lies in Soviet Russia. Recognition of the Soviet Union, hitherto blocked by the refusal of the Bolshevik Government to pay the Tsarist debts, can hardly be denied after European governments have failed to pay their own debts, and neither Mr. Roosevelt nor his supporters are known to cherish the personal animosity against Russia that is generally attributed to Mr. Hoover. In the Far East a more conciliatory policy toward Japan seems likely.

One therefore gathers two definite impressions from the foreign comments on the Democratic victory. First and foremost, a universal impression exists abroad that the election marks the end of an era in American political life just as definitely as the Wall Street crash marked the end of an economic era. In the second place, the Democratic victory holds out hope that the United States will participate more actively and more intelligently in world affairs. But the American reader of the group of articles we have selected will learn from them above all else that objective conditions would have forced even a Republican Administration

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into the adoption of many of the same policies that the Democrats will have to pursue when they come into power.

ONE RESULT of technological unemployment that has not yet been touched upon by the exponents of Technocracy is the transformation of the labor movement in every industrialized country. One month after the Communist candidate for President of the United States had polled about 75,000 votes, the Communist Party organized its Hunger March on Washington composed of delegates representing more than three times as many people as voted the Communist ticket. In England, where the Communist Party has an even smaller following at the polls, it organized a similar affair and attracted mass support. In Germany the transportation system of Berlin was tied up on the eve of the November elections by a strike of Communists and Nazis carried out over the heads of the Socialist leaders of organized labor. What has happened in all three countries is that unemployment has reduced the membership and funds of organized labor and has created a growing body of unorganized and largely unemployed workers. A new type of agitator has therefore arisen. The A. F. of L. in America, the Labor Party in England, and the Socialist Party in Germany are powerless to resist wage cuts, and since their chief aim for the past generation has merely been to secure higher pay—a policy in which they have succeeded because conditions favored them and called for such an effort—they now find it difficult to hold their old followers and impossible to attract new ones. The organizer of unorganized groups, on the other hand, tries to win immediate concessions in the form of more adequate unemployment relief and, in the case of the Communists, advocates revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Only a marked and sustained rise in employment and wages is likely to arrest the decay of organized labor.

IN VOTING OUT Tardieu and voting in Herriot last spring the French electorate was expressing its hostility toward militarism and its desire for peace. The most important tangible result of that election to date is the Franco-Russian Nonaggression Pact, whose five articles include the following points: 'refusal to resort to war or any form of aggression' or to 'support directly or indirectly' the aggression of any third power or group of powers; refusal to 'take part in any international agreement tending to prevent the buying or selling of the other's goods or the granting of credits'; and refusal to participate in hostile propaganda against each other's political systems. The obligations of France toward the League of Nations are preserved and both parties express their intention to conclude a commercial agreement. French opinion feels that the chief importance of the pact lies in the business opportunities it opens

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up and in the promise not to engage in hostile propaganda. François Coty's patriotic *Figaro* describes the pact as 'the mask of an aggression against ourselves,' and the *Journal des Débats*, organ of the French heavy industries, says: 'The policy which we have followed for a year and a half and of which the Franco-Soviet Pact is one of the consequences is bad. We can see no excuse for it.' *Le Temps*, on the other hand, as the semiofficial organ of the French Foreign Office, welcomes the spirit of the signatory powers and hopes that the Russians will keep their word.

THE TONE of these comments and of many others makes it clear that one of the chief war dangers in Europe has subsided. Last summer when Hitler might have become dictator of Germany he refused to answer the accusation that he was receiving funds from certain French industrial interests whose aim was to join forces with Germany in a united attack on Russia. Even last October, the intervention of Tardieu, through his cat's-paw, Titulescu, prevented Rumania from signing a nonaggression treaty with Russia. Tardieu's main aim, to be sure, was to wreck Herriot's foreign policy, but personal ambition was not his only motive. He has been too openly associated with warlike schemes in the past not to be suspected of similar designs when he prevented two neighboring states from reaching an agreement after twelve years of severed diplomatic relations. The provision in the Franco-Soviet Pact whereby Russia promises not to attempt to take Bessarabia away from Rumania by force therefore constitutes a further guarantee of peace and a defeat for Tardieu.

The simple truth is that Russia now needs peace and security more than ever. The present food shortage is partly due to the emphasis that the Five-Year Plan laid on improving heavy industries, which are indispensable in the event of war. The Kremlin believed that a capitalistic attack was inevitable. But it now seems probable that its efforts went too far and that the country has been weakened rather than strengthened. Also, the whole world knows that the immediate danger spot is no longer Europe but Manchuria. It has therefore been easy for Russia to secure guarantees against aggression from France and Poland as well as assurance of safety along the Rumanian frontier.

BUT THE RELAXING TENSION in Europe is accompanied and even caused by increasing tension in the Far East. Not only have the French people voted for peace at home, not only have many Rumanian and Polish victims of the economic crisis become more receptive to communism, but the military preparations of the Japanese have caused European statesmen to focus attention on Manchuria. As the *Manchester Guardian* says: 'The next few months may see the fate of post-war

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Europe and the world determined. That fate turns more on Manchuria than on any other point.' An extreme statement, perhaps, but the basis for it is real. While the yen continues to decline and the budget deficit to grow, Japan is putting more and more money into military preparations. Celluloid and nitrogen factories are being expanded and the sheet-iron output is to be doubled, thus making the country independent of foreign imports. At the Disarmament Conference Japan is demanding more than a 10:10:7 ratio with English and American fleets, instead of the present 5:5:3 ratio. It remains to be seen which of its two major adversaries the Japanese fear most—Russia or America. Tokyo hopes that the new Administration in Washington will be more friendly than the last, or at any rate less inclined to interfere in Manchuria. But, before America forms a common front with the League of Nations against the Manchurian occupation, Japan hopes to persuade Russia to recognize Manchukuo. The great hope for peace in the Far East would therefore seem to be prompt American recognition of the Soviet Union and the alignment of the League with the two chief non-League powers against Japan. In the face of such a wide front not even the war lords of Tokyo would dare to use the military supplies they are now preparing.

THE LATEST REPORT of the British commercial counselor in Berlin opens with these words: 'The whole of German economy has been dominated by and subordinated to one aim, namely, the protection of the mark exchange.' Having been through one uncontrolled inflation, the Germans are determined to cling to the gold standard. Also, their borrowings from abroad would be even more difficult to repay if the mark were to descend below its par value. Hence the most stringent methods have been enforced to keep foreign exchange and gold inside the country. On paper the task of balancing expenditures appears difficult because the net amount due on foreign loans amounts to between 1,200 and 1,550 million rentenmarks a year, whereas the favorable trade balance for the first six months of 1932 amounted to only 602 rentenmarks and will sink to two-thirds of that figure for the second half year. Nevertheless, an ingenious method has been discovered to increase the supply of foreign money in the country and to reduce the foreign debt. The securities of most German private enterprises have declined to about thirty or forty per cent of their par value. The Government has therefore been aiding these companies to purchase those of their bonds which are held abroad so that they can retire them at their present reduced value. How the Germans manage to buy their own securities with foreign exchange and still have more foreign exchange left when the transaction is completed is explained by the London *Economist* as follows:—

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Taking the interest and sinking-fund charges on a representative German loan at 9 per cent and its price at 40 per cent, then a German who exchanged, say, Liberty Bonds for the loan would save his country's balance of payments nearly 20 per cent per annum on the cash amount of the exchange. The sum is simple. Selling $400 worth of 3½ per cent Liberty Bonds loses $14 per annum in interest. Buying $1,000 of a German loan saves interest and sinking fund totaling $90 per annum. In many cases the saving will have been even greater. It will thus be seen that, assuming the estimate of repurchases (five hundred million rentenmarks per annum, cash amount) to be correct, the saving to the balance of payments would total over one hundred million rentenmarks per annum for each year the repurchases continue.

But the real explanation is that German investments abroad are estimated at eight billion rentenmarks, and it is these investments in the form of foreign bonds that are being traded in for German bonds and making the retirement of the latter possible. If German securities continue to sell at the present low price, even the reduced favorable trade balance will be enough to pay off German obligations and keep the country on the gold standard.

SO MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about the connection between war debts and disarmament that it is worth while to recall just how much money different countries are now spending on military preparations. The League of Nations Armaments Year-Book states that world expenditures on armaments have grown from 2,531 million dollars in 1913 to 4,128 millions in 1930, an increase of 63 per cent. In 1913 the seven great powers ranked as follows in armament expenditures: Germany, Russia, Great Britain, France, United States, Italy, and Japan. In 1930 the order was: United States, Russia, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Germany. American expenditures have increased 197 per cent; Japanese, 142; Italian, 44; English, 42; French, 30; Russian, 30; and German expenditures have diminished 63 per cent. The *per capita* expenditure for each of these countries is as follows: Great Britain, $12; France, $11; United States, $6; Italy, $6; Japan, $4; Russia, $4; Germany, $3. A comparison between the 1927 and 1931 figures shows that the total military expenditures of France have doubled between those years and that England's alone have declined. The proportion of its total national expenditure which each of these countries has devoted to armaments varies less than any other figure. In Great Britain armament expenditure amounts to about 14 per cent of the total national expenditure; in France to about 22 per cent. Italy spends 18 per cent, Japan 20 per cent, and the United States 21 per cent. It is therefore difficult in the light of these figures to label any one country as the outstanding international villain and it is impossible to conclude that any of them believes that the war to end war accomplished its purpose.

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ONE REASON why relations between France and Germany have been so consistently bad is that, whenever either country has had a conciliatory government in power, the other country has had a truculent government. It now seems that a similar unfortunate coincidence is going to stand in the way of agreement between France and Italy. While Grandi was attempting to collaborate with the League of Nations, the French Government refused to meet him halfway because the left-wing parties in France regarded Italian Fascism as too nationalistic and the right-wing parties were too nationalistic themselves. But Herriot's supporters are not so bitter against Italian Fascism, and Herriot himself, believing that a sound foreign policy should never be abandoned for domestic political considerations, made a speech before the Radical Socialist Congress in Toulouse urging better relations with Italy. But this gesture of friendship was made after Grandi had been sidetracked and after Mussolini's disciples in Germany had become so powerful that the Duce felt he would be letting them down and losing prestige if he replied to Herriot in the same spirit.

WICKHAM STEED, former editor of the London *Times* and a specialist in the affairs of Central Europe, reports a sensational international programme that is being prepared by Fascist leaders in Italy, Hungary, and Germany and that may explain Mussolini's aloofness toward France. The Italian Academy held a so-called 'Europe Congress' shortly after Prime Minister Gömbös of Hungary and three prominent German Fascists had been in the city—Dr. Schacht, former head of the Reichsbank; Rosenberg, the economist of the Hitler movement; and Goering, the Nazi leader in the Reichstag. The alleged aim of the congress was to establish far-reaching collaboration between Italy and Germany in Central Europe at a time when Russia is preoccupied with the Far East and the situation in Rumania and Yugoslavia is acute. The features of the Europe Congress are summarized by Mr. Steed as follows:—

> Eventual curtailment of Rumanian unity, taking account of Russian aims for the recovery of Bessarabia.
>
> The inclusion of Transylvania, with Bukovina and parts of Yugoslavia, in a Danubian confederation under German and Hungarian leadership.
>
> Into this confederation Hungary, with somewhat increased territory, would enter, together with Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and parts of Slovenia, after Yugoslavia should have been broken up.
>
> A customs union, or preferential tariff arrangements, would be established between this new Danubian confederation, Germany, Austria, and Italy. Sooner or later Czechoslovakia would find herself compelled to join it.
>
> Trieste and Fiume would remain under Italian rule, though South Germany and Austria would enjoy special privileges in the Port of Trieste, and the new Danubian Confederation similar privileges in the Port of Fiume.

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The Old Kingdom of Rumania, with Serbia, Bulgaria, Albania, and Greece, would be formed, under Italian influence, into a Balkan federation.

Germany would give up the idea of political union with Austria and of recovering the Southern Tyrol. She would undertake not to extend her economic penetration south of the Alps or east of the Carpathians.

Germany would likewise abstain from interference with Italian political or economic interests in the Mediterranean and the Adriatic.

No attempt should be made to restore fallen dynasties.

The most important feature of this scheme is that it represents the first practical attempt of Fascism to become an international movement with an international policy.

MANY POLITICAL CONFLICTS in Europe are intensified by two factors of which Americans are almost completely ignorant—the religious and the racial. In France the supporters of Herriot and even of Poincaré attach primary importance to keeping public education free from Roman Catholic influence, and they regard loyalty to the Republic and hostility to Rome as almost synonymous. In Germany it is the racial issue that predominates, and Hitler has based most of his propaganda on anti-Semitic appeals with great success. Since many American newspapers fear to offend their Catholic and Jewish readers they do not emphasize the religious and racial prejudices of Europe or even describe the organizations through which these prejudices function. The political significance of Freemasonry is a case in point, especially in its bearing on the Spanish revolution. Many factors, of course, compelled the abdication of King Alfonso—organized discontent among the workers and peasants, dissatisfaction in the army, widespread distrust of the King for having first summoned Primo de Rivera to power and then abandoned him only to establish another dictatorship under General Berenguer. Almost nothing, however, has been said about the activity of the Grand Orient Lodge of Freemasons and the historic struggle in Spain between Jew and Christian, Mason and Jesuit.

OVER FOUR HUNDRED years ago the Roman Catholic Church, through the Inquisition, exiled the Sefardim or Spanish Jews, colonies of whom still live in North Africa and the Balkans. These colonies, whose members speak mediæval Spanish, have worked in close alliance with the Grand Orient Lodges of the Freemasons, who have been struggling against the Jesuits for political power in many Latin countries on both sides of the Atlantic. To be known in Italy, Spain, or South America as a Freemason is to be identified with the anti-Church political parties of the left. Now it has been stated in print on several occasions that most of the leading personalities of the Spanish Republic are militant Free-

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masons, and the indorsements that they have received certainly substantiate these statements, which, furthermore, have never been denied. The bulletin of the Grand Lodge of Spain, issued in the beginning of 1931, contained these words:—

> Salute to the Republic. The honor of saluting a new régime, born of the will of the people, has been left by a supreme providence for this number of the bulletin. As Spaniards and Freemasons contemplating, as an accomplished fact, the structure of a new state, the fruit of those immortal principles which shine in the Orient, we cannot but feel keen satisfaction. To the Freemasons who form the Provisional Government, and also to the high officials, who are mostly brothers, we promise our support.

The attacks on convents and other church property and the expulsion of the Jesuits and the confiscation of their goods showed the attitude of the Republican Government toward Catholicism. As for the Jews, a report read in 1927 by the Secretary General of the Grand Masonic Lodge of Spain expressed the hope that the exiled Sefardim might be permitted to return:—

> We are working to form public opinion to obtain the reform of Article 11 of the Constitution so as to obtain complete religious freedom and to obtain later the separation of Church and State. When we have religious freedom we will set to work to bring to the country many of the descendants of those who, in days long past, were the victims of religious intolerance and who, though expelled from the land of their birth, still preserve the love of their native land, giving an extraordinary example of a people who still keep the Spanish language although four centuries have passed since the promulgation of the foolish decree of expulsion.

It should be said in conclusion that most of the material presented here is drawn from a brief article signed 'Cabra Hispanica' in the ultra-reactionary *National Review* of London. Most of the conservative British papers deplored the abdication of King Alfonso because his wife is a sister of King George, but only the real die-hards emphasize the racial and religious issues in Spain and express sympathy for the cause of reaction as such.

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Seven articles from six different countries show what the outer world thinks of Mr. Roosevelt's election and what it hopes of the new Administration.

The World *and* Franklin Roosevelt

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. ROOSEVELT, THE FIGHTER

By HAROLD LASKI

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

MR. ROOSEVELT has won a great victory. What is he going to do with it? He must know that the power of even so great an official as the American president is limited, especially if, as is true in his case, he accepts the present social order as in a general way desirable.

He inherits a terrible situation—twelve million unemployed, a budget barely balanced, the debt settlement yet to be made, a World Economic Conference already destroyed by an insane nationalism, a Disarmament Conference wrecked in no small part by the weakness of the British Government, a Far Eastern crisis from which no comfort can be drawn. If I were Mr. Roosevelt I should set out on my adventure with humility and foreboding. He starts, no doubt, with certain real advantages. He has great physical courage; his conquest of infantile paralysis shows that. He has the gift of knowing a man when he sees him—one can feel tolerably certain that some of the best administrative minds in America who do not rank among the politicians, lawyers like Felix Frankfurter, economists like F. W. Taussig, will be consulted by him and count when they are consulted.

He is not sullen, like Mr. Hoover, nor has he the latter's jealousy of the big man. He is thoroughly likable and easy to work with. Though in our sense of the word he is a conservative, there are genuine patches of liberalism in his outlook. He has none

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of Mr. Hoover's worship of big business.

He has the Jeffersonian respect for the problems of the little man. He speaks well, and he can think straight and sincerely. Certainly, as a person, he is the most hopeful figure who has entered the White House since Woodrow Wilson left it.

But there are disadvantages also. As a campaigner, he showed an ability to evade issues rather than meet them. It would be true to say that he less won the campaign for himself than allowed Mr. Hoover and economic distress to win it for him. He spoke strongly on Prohibition, in favor of a lower tariff (how much lower?), and it is known that he strongly favors the control of those public utilities that deal in electric power.

But he has said nothing to reveal a creative attitude on unemployment, foreign policy, the Far East in particular; and there was a good deal of vacillation where one might have hoped for the clear stand. No doubt, as governors go, he was a good governor of New York; no doubt, also, he showed a certain courage in forcing the resignation of Mayor Walker. But his election brings me comfort less from the sense that he is determined to try to do big things than from the perception that he is in every way a bigger man than his defeated rival. Yet that is not a first-class compliment.

I am, moreover, a little afraid of the debts he owes. Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Owen D. Young, Mr. Melvin Traylor, and Mr. B. M. Baruch are the kind of supporters who get into a cabinet. They are all millionaires and about as progressive as Sir Robert Horne. Mr. Newton Baker is a semi-Wilsonian; but how much of that pale liberalism he has kept since 1920 is a dubious matter. There is Mr. Alfred Smith; and, if Mr. Roosevelt takes Mr. Smith into his cabinet, one man at least will be there upon whom progressive-minded people can count. There is Miss Frances Perkins, who would make the first creative secretary for labor Washington has yet seen. And there is an admirable attorney general in Mr. John W. Davis.

One feels that one's confidence in Mr. Roosevelt will begin when his choice of colleagues shows one quite clearly that his hands are really on the controls. One wants to be sure that the influence of big business, of Mr. Hearst and the progeny of Mr. Bryan, of Senator Reed, who in his keynote address to the Democratic Convention produced ideas about international affairs relevant to the America of fifty years ago, is a minimal influence.

I agree with those who think that, temperamentally, there is a real liberal somewhere in Mr. Roosevelt. But, looking at the Democratic Party, I suspect that it will have to make a rapid and decisive appearance if it is going to be effective in his term. If it did make its appearance, there are forces to spare in America of which Mr. Roosevelt could make ample use. The United States of the slump is skeptical, inclined to experiment, uneasy about the confident faith in *laissez-faire* that did duty for thought in times of prosperity.

The business man's philosophy no longer has the primacy of old; it has been tried and found sadly wanting. All the best minds of America, Dewey and Morris Cohen in philosophy, Brandeis, Stone, and Frankfurter in

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law, Taussig and Hamilton in economics, Edmund Wilson, Dreiser, Lewis, and Dos Passos in letters, are on the radical side. If Mr. Roosevelt has the will to choose their direction, the courage to walk in their path, with his satisfactory majority in Congress, with the prospect of making a liberal majority on the Supreme Court, he might make his presidency an epoch in American history.

Someone has got to convince him that the day of the old platitudes is gone. Neither of the old parties means anything real in the life of the American people. There has got to be born a sense of the state, an understanding that liberty begins only where equality begins, a conviction that the nation, and not a little group of millionaires, has henceforth to be the master of the nation's destinies.

America needs a new scheme of values; and to attain that scheme she has to remake her economic foundations, her international outlook. Can Mr. Roosevelt be made to see that between now and that critical day in March when he will assume office?

It will not be an easy task. His aristocratic origins, his training at Groton—the Eton of America—and Harvard weigh on the other side. The vested interests of America are terribly strong. There is—as Mr. Thomas's vote makes clear—as yet no workers' party in America, and only the beginnings of a working-class consciousness. There is still widespread suspicion—despite the new consciousness Mr. Stimson recently sought to import into American foreign policy—of Europe.

No doubt, there is a profound idealism in America, a latent radicalism also which, in the new-found temper of skepticism, a great statesman could canalize into a deepening stream of support. But to do so he would have to fight the industrial autocracy of the South, the power of Wall Street, a Democratic Party large parts of which still dwell in the Middle Ages, the corrupt interests of state and municipal government, the vested interests of the gangsters. It is a big fight to take on.

To make the fight, Mr. Roosevelt might have to forfeit all chance of renomination. He would certainly have to look for support to those most accustomed to criticize him. He would have to be prepared to force the long overdue realignment of American parties.

Well, there is fighting blood in the Roosevelts, and it may be that early antagonism will arouse it in the new President. If he chooses the harder way, he has an opportunity as great as any president since Lincoln; I add that posterity salutes the man who chooses the harder way. If he chooses it, he can find the counselors to give him the ideas, to show the direction, to stand by him with wisdom and courage.

But let us remember the warning of Bryce that great men do not in general become presidents. Tradition makes for availability; politics becomes so easily a philosophy of the second best. Yet Mr. Roosevelt should remember that four more years like those of Mr. Hoover will dim the faith even of the least intelligent in the American system. Mr. Roosevelt stands at one of the great turning points of history. Let us hope he will have the strength to take the right road.

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II. What Will Roosevelt Mean?

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

MR. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT is only the third Democrat, since 1856, to be elected President of the United States. This fact might suggest that the party had stood for some unpopular or dangerous-sounding doctrine. But the reverse is true. For eighty years the party has stood for almost the same doctrine as the Republicans; it has not been an opposition—merely a substitute. The old distinction between the farmer-labor coalition, which demanded a low tariff and cheap money, and the opposing party, which represented the business interests and demanded a high protective tariff and a 'sound' monetary policy, disappeared after the Civil War. The Democratic Party was left without any clear policy. It was merely a group of people who would like to be in office—a group that was distrusted, for historical reasons, by the dominant business interests. The only exception was in 1896, when Bryan induced the party to revert to its cheap-money programme. On that issue it was defeated, and that is the only important issue it ever found.

What, then, does Mr. Franklin Roosevelt offer on the problems of the depression and foreign affairs?

Mr. Roosevelt's proposals for dealing with the depression are vague. He has committed himself to the following remedies—emergency relief (whatever that proves to mean) for farmers and unemployed; the stimulation of employment by public works; the creation of labor exchanges and of a system of compulsory unemployment insurance (which is not to be permitted to become a 'dole'); the regulation of the stock market, with a view to preventing speculative orgies; increased governmental supervision of public utilities.

Obviously, the important question is how much of this programme is likely to be implemented. The answer is not encouraging; for among the strongest demands that will be made upon the new Government are the demands for economy and for balancing the budget. It will not be possible to meet both, or either, of these demands while embarking on a serious programme of emergency relief and public works. It is probable that only a capital levy would enable Mr. Roosevelt to make up the budget deficit and at the same time fulfill his promises; and a capital levy is unthinkable in the United States to-day. If the new Administration is to escape the unpopularity of the old, it must be through some improvement in the world situation. How far is it reasonable to expect Mr. Roosevelt to help in producing such an improvement?

The critical aspects of American foreign policy are all concerned with finance—war debts, tariffs, foreign investments, and bimetallism. There is not likely to be any change in the war-debt policy of the American Government. Mr. Roosevelt owes his nomination to the support of Mr. Hearst, and the Hearst papers are violent in their opposition to war-debt cancellation, or even to serious downward revision. Mr. Roosevelt can win popular support for a reduc-

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tion of the English debt, for there is a growing feeling that the terms made with England are unfairly onerous, as compared with the terms made with the other debtor nations. But beyond this one act of revision Mr. Roosevelt will not be able to go. If anything further is required his hand will have to be forced by the debtor nations.

On the tariff question, however, the new Administration expects to be helpful. It plans a downward revision of the tariff, and hopes for reciprocal agreements with other nations that will help revive foreign trade. But unless Mr. Roosevelt is a rarely forceful leader these hopes will be disappointed. The Democratic Party, since the Civil War, has never been united in favor of tariff reduction—as both Cleveland and Wilson found when they attempted to persuade Democratic Congresses to lower the tariff. Wilson was able to get his way only by constant appeals to public opinion over the head of Congress. Such appeals make a president unpopular with the legislative body, and it takes a strong man to court this unpopularity. It is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt is a strong man.

It is generally agreed that one of the many reasons for the stagnation of world trade is the accumulation of gold in the vaults of the United States. Since there is not the slightest chance of the Democrats' lowering the tariff enough to give the United States a large unfavorable balance of trade, the only way for this gold to flow outward would be for the country to return to a policy of heavy foreign investments. And nothing, at least in the near future, is less likely. The international bankers might be glad to lend the money, even if they knew it was never coming back, simply for the effect it would have on American foreign trade. But it is not their money to lend, and the American people have been educated to believe that the bad foreign bonds in which they were induced to invest are one of the main causes of their poverty.

There remains, as a possible American contribution to world-wide financial revival, the return to bimetallism. Roosevelt is known to favor this; it is in line with the historic tendency of the Democratic Party; it is a popular programme in the rural South and among the remaining Bryan Democrats of the West. At the World Economic Conference we may expect to see America urging the remonetization of silver; and since bimetallism provides a comparatively 'safe' form of inflation and increases the purchasing power of the Far East, it offers at least one of the more arguable methods of pulling the capitalist world out of the present slump. It is certainly the chief hope for the new Administration.

In spite of the fact that there was no important issue between the two parties, there are reasons to be glad that Mr. Roosevelt was elected. In the first place, since Congress was certain to be Democratic in any case, it is good to have a President who can coöperate with, and who may even be able to lead, that erratic body. In the second place, such differences as there are between the two parties are in favor of the Democrats, who are likely to lower the tariff, and who are more friendly than the Republicans to measures dealing with unemployment and other social legislation. In the third place, the Democrats, at the moment, have a number of good men available for posts in the Cabinet—

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men such as Owen D. Young, Alfred Smith, John W. Davis (late ambassador to the Court of St. James's), and Albert Ritchie, Governor of Maryland. And, in the fourth place, the change of administration will have, at first, a cheering effect on the American public mind. This might be useful, both in hastening the end of the depression, and even, later on, in preparing the public for new adventures in the field of international coöperation, without which none of our problems are soluble.

III. The Meaning of the Election

By Georges Lechartier

Translated from the *Journal des Débats*, Paris Conservative Daily

WHAT will be the situation in America on March 4? What new direction can we expect the Democratic Administration to take? But first let us consider present conditions after four years of Mr. Hoover and twelve years of Republican rule.

At home, the industrial, agricultural, commercial, and banking situation is critical, not to say desperate. Various industries have been halted by overequipment and overproduction. Foreign trade has been cut down and sometimes completely eliminated by an insane rise of tariffs. Purchasing power has diminished or vanished everywhere. The debts of the farmers amount to more than twelve and a half billion dollars. Over eight hundred thousand farms were seized during the last year. During September a farm strike spread through eleven Middle Western states. A second larger strike has been announced, accompanied by a march on Washington. The price of wheat in Chicago dropped to forty cents a bushel, leaving the farmer twenty cents a bushel at a time when production costs are ninety cents a bushel.

Domestic trade is 'asleep,' to use a current expression, and foreign trade has dwindled to a minimum. In the case of some commodities it has entirely ceased because excessive American tariffs have led to excessive retaliatory tariffs. Small banks and many large ones have closed their doors, and the biggest Wall Street banks are up against it. The deficit in the national budget is now approaching three billion dollars and various demagogic measures, such as unemployment relief and the Bonus Bill, may double this amount before the end of the year. Finally, the winter begins with an army of twelve million starving, embittered unemployed who are prepared to take extreme action.

Abroad, the deplorable moratorium of July 1931, which was poorly studied out and imposed on Europe like a ukase, merely satisfied certain American banking interests and then added considerably to the economic confusion of Europe and the distress of the whole world. At Geneva America's activities have been at once despotic and irresponsible. The prestige of the United States has suffered because of its ignorance of European psychology and politics. Its unauthorized desire to dominate has sometimes overbalanced its genuine desire to conciliate or co-

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operate. It has always resorted to simple-minded arguments with amazing candor. Thus hostility against America and ill feeling among other nations have increased. Divergent interests have been accentuated and, finally, the war danger, which was supposed to have been lessened and even eliminated, has grown.

Such is the situation now and it will probably be worse by March 4. How and in what direction can the authority of the new president assert itself when that date arrives?

The Democratic programme that Mr. Roosevelt outlined himself was written at the Chicago convention last June. Concise and quite clear, it includes sixteen points and offers a general plan for the economic reconstruction of the country. All the campaign speeches have been developments or commentaries on this programme. Let us recall some of its features.

To balance the national budget the programme calls for immediate, Draconian reductions of government expenses by abolishing useless government departments, by reorganizing governmental services, and by eliminating extravagant expenditures with a view to achieving a reduction of at least twenty-five per cent in government expenditures.

In regard to the three questions that interest us most, tariffs, foreign policy, and war debts, the Democrats expound the following points of view. They condemn the Hawley-Smoot tariff because its prohibitive rates have led to reprisals in more than forty countries, because it created international economic hostility that kept American manufactures out of foreign countries and robbed the American farmer of his foreign markets and increased his production costs. In respect to foreign policy, the Democratic programme urges peace with all the world and settlement of international differences by arbitration, no intervention in the affairs of other nations, inviolability of treaties, maintenance of good will and good faith in financial contracts, adherence to the World Court with the proposed reservations, implementation of the Paris Pact outlawing war by additional clauses demanding consultation in case of treaty violation, international agreements to reduce armaments, coöperation with the nations of the Western Hemisphere with a view to maintaining the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. Finally, the Democrats announce themselves opposed to the annulment of war debts.

Let us take care not to attach too much significance to that final declaration. We must remember that it was made at the height of the campaign and that public opinion as well as certain indispensable sources of publicity and cash demanded such an announcement at that time. Let us also remember that Al Smith, who remains one of the dominant figures in the Democratic Party, outlined a proposal last April based on a twenty-year moratorium applicable to all war debts. Let us not forget that the Democratic Party counts among its supporters men of the highest quality such as Newton Baker, Owen Young, Norman Davis, Albert Ritchie, and Walter Lippmann, who have long been advocates of debt revision. Let us not forget the constant efforts of bankers, economists, and the most important Americans in all parties toward the same end. Above all, let

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us have confidence in Franklin Roosevelt, who showed during his recent campaign those essential qualities that were most conspicuously lacking in his predecessor and without which no one can be a real statesman—knowledge of men, political sense, clear-sightedness, and, finally, a clear recognition that the highest interests of his country are to-day more tied up than ever with the highest interests of the world.

Mr. Hoover will stand in history as the most unpopular American president of all time, and that is not the worst that might be said of him. At home he leaves a difficult heritage; abroad, an overpowering task. If Mr. Roosevelt chooses and gradually adopts methods exactly contrary to those of his predecessor, he will take his place among the great builders of his country and thus acquire the title of rebuilder of the modern world.

IV. Roosevelt's Victory

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

THE result of the American election must be regarded purely as a defeat for Hoover if we are to understand its true character. He is held responsible for having taken halfway measures in important political matters, although he often made good beginnings, as in the cases of the moratorium, the Kellogg Pact, and disarmament. But he did not achieve real success either at home or abroad. His futile protests in the Far East also made a poor impression. The extreme drys who swore by him now consider that he left them in the lurch when he decided, much against his will, that popular opinion demanded a change in the prohibition law. Hoover has therefore become the victim of a kind of hangover that America is suffering from as a result of his policies.

Roosevelt's star was in the ascendant not so much because of his promises, which nobody in America takes very seriously, as because his bold, active conduct of the campaign destroyed the idea that his lameness was a handicap and convinced the American electorate that he would be able to give them a new deal. The truth is that Roosevelt performed an extraordinary physical feat in going through the election as he did, since he has not been able to move without crutches for the past ten years. His aggressiveness finally broke through the reluctant Hoover's reserve. Of course he had an easier task than Hoover. He is an excellent speaker and it was also easy for him to attack Hoover's record and to make promises. He cleverly succeeded in not being too definite and took a clear stand on only two questions. He attacked the Republican high tariffs and demanded prohibition repeal.

Everyone knows that the programmes of the two big American parties are very much the same. Roosevelt, however, represents progressive and liberal demands and he emphasized these aspects of his platform. He promised freer trade and revival of business by entering into trade agreements instead of raising tariffs. Roosevelt is even more opposed than Hoover to war-debt concessions, but he believes that stimulation of

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world trade will lead to a natural solution of this problem. Roosevelt also advocates an energetic attack on Prohibition, although it is doubtful how many of his promises in this respect he will be able to fulfill.

In respect to foreign policy, prompt recognition of the Soviet Union stands in the forefront of Roosevelt's programme. It is hoped that this will stimulate American export trade, and the way for it was being prepared even under Hoover. Roosevelt is known to be a friend of the League of Nations and advocates American adherence to the World Court. On the other hand, he has stated that he favors keeping strictly aloof from European entanglements. Like Hoover, he desires disarmament but it seems likely that he will favor a stronger American navy because of his connection with this branch of the service during the War.

When we consider Roosevelt's programme and his active attitude during the campaign we are inclined to believe that the present change of administration may lead to a more fundamental change than usually occurs in America at such a time, and all the more so since there is a Democratic majority in both the Senate and House of Representatives for the first time in ten years. The American president enjoys much more power than the presidents of other democracies. He has the whole system of government in his own hands and also determines the country's foreign policy.

It is certain that the new occupant of the White House will bring about fundamental changes in the American machinery of government, and it is not unlikely that Roosevelt will take a more decisively radical attitude on many questions than Hoover did. This does not mean, however, that any fundamental change in American policy is likely to occur. During the interlude between an election and the following March, when the new president comes into power, the old president is traditionally expected not to take any decisive action. For that reason the World Economic Conference has been postponed until April and we shall also have to count on less activity from America in respect to disarmament for the next few months. What will happen after March? It is hard to prophesy to-day. In any case, it is certain that the dubious experiments that Roosevelt's opponents pretended to fear will not be undertaken by the new President.

V. Europe and the Election

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

THE Democratic presidential victory in the United States is an extraordinary event. Only twice since the Civil War have the Democrats succeeded in getting their candidates into the White House. One of these men was Cleveland; the other, Woodrow Wilson of unhappy memory, the World War and Peace Treaty president. After his disastrous career the American people withdrew into themselves as much as possible. The Republican victory in the first post-war election was partly a protest against the peace terms, which corresponded so inadequately to the hopes for

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fundamental justice and self-determination that had been raised before America's entry into the War and before the Armistice, hopes that were expressed in the words, 'war to end war' and 'peace without victory.'

America's repudiation of the outrageous treaties of Versailles, Saint-Germain, and Trianon brought matters in Europe from bad to worse and yielded no advantage to the United States. The monetary, economic, and financial readjustments that transformed America from a debtor country into the whole world's creditor inextricably entangled America in European affairs, both economically and politically. A Democratic administration can no more prevail against these economic facts than a Republican administration was able to do. It remains to be seen whether the Democrats will take as much interest in Europe as Wilson did, and as Hoover was finally forced to do; the fact remains that the time has ended when America could remain remote from Europe in accordance with recent interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine. America cannot completely separate its destiny from that of Europe. In this sense, too, a process of Europeanization must be continued to a certain degree.

The deeper meaning and historical significance of the election should be seen in relation to this process. The period of youth and growth in the United States has closed. Tendencies that can best be compared with conservative socialism in Europe have long dominated certain circles of the Democratic Party. The World War and Wilson's unfortunate policy during and after that catastrophe caused his own earlier opinions and literary work, his humanitarian sense and feeling of social responsibility, to be forgotten. But now the new Democratic leader, Franklin Roosevelt, has struck out in the same direction with his championship of the 'Forgotten Man.'

In a speech to intellectuals, Roosevelt called attention to the fact that nine-tenths of America's means of production are owned by multi-millionaires and trust magnates and that thirty million people are engaged in a disastrously competitive struggle for the remaining tenth. American production is gradually becoming overcentralized. No longer can anybody with brains and industry raise himself from the masses to great success and wealth. The pioneer era seems to have vanished from America's economic and social life for good and all. While Europe has reluctantly rationalized and Americanized itself, America is unconsciously and unwillingly becoming Europeanized. During the campaign, Herbert Hoover's strongest argument was to express alarm at the prospect of abandoning rugged individualism, but the outcome of the voting showed that nobody was afraid of his warning, of his summons to defend the sacred traditions and fundamental beliefs of American social and economic life. America's eleven million unemployed and those who are afraid that they may join their ranks no longer subscribe to the ancient American watchword of self-help.

Roosevelt will certainly have to do something to control unemployment and social misery and this something will not bear much resemblance to Hoover's fatal loan policy, which has accomplished so little. Perhaps the

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new America, which is now more influenced by Europe, will have more understanding of Europe than Herbert Hoover's hundred-per-cent America had. The most important questions, in fact, the decisive ones from our continent's point of view, depend on America's attitude and good will. America's tariff policy and her attitude on disarmament are no less important than the fate of the inter-allied debts. Debt cancellation must be granted before the Lausanne Agreement can be finally ratified and German reparations payments reduced to a minimum. To be sure, the Democrats have announced their defense of the American position even more resolutely than the Republicans did. But Roosevelt wants to appoint to the strategic position of secretary of the treasury Owen D. Young, one of the foremost experts on European financial conditions. Young's point of view gives considerable grounds for hope. On the other hand, the Democratic Party unquestionably depends for its existence on the desires of the masses not to let Europe off scot-free. Time will be needed and struggles must occur before the idea of solidarity that seems to be taking form in America develops into a real emotion and assumes concrete form as a policy of international solidarity between the two continents.

VI. The American Defeat

By N. Kornev

Translated from the *Moskauer Rundschau*, Moscow German-Language Communist Weekly

'Six months ago it was assumed that Hoover would remain president. To-day nobody is surprised that Roosevelt was elected.' These words were spoken to us by a typical, average American, the kind that never will be able to understand great political changes. In connection with the overwhelming defeat of Hoover, over whom his own Republican Party does not seem to have shed a tear, one can only say that the new President was not the real victor but that the election was won by the economic crisis.

During the campaign one could not avoid certain ironic reflections if one could bring one's self to read the innumerable empty speeches. Hoover certainly fell victim to an attack of hysteria and shrieked at his opponent like a fishwife, rightly asserting that he could not see, with the best will in the world, how Roosevelt would be able to produce any remedy or be able to influence the course of events. But the father of ill-fated prosperity could not make any effect by pleading that even Roosevelt would not be able to master the crisis. This cry on Hoover's part did not win him a single vote. In fact, it merely served to increase Roosevelt's victory.

Nobody in the wide earth believes that Roosevelt was elected because he stands on a better platform than Hoover or because, unlike Hoover, he is a leader of recognized quality. His platform, composed of noisy commonplaces and banal sophisms, has clearly revealed what the new President will be able to offer during

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his tenure of office. And, as far as qualities of leadership are concerned, they are as cheap during this crisis of democracy as so many blackberries.

Hoover leaves the political stage under a cloud because he committed the crime of being elected as president of prosperity and because he kept asserting with his iron jaw that he still occupied that rôle long after prosperity itself had been banished from the leading capitalist country by an unprecedented economic crisis. Because of his position and his own nature he could not admit that America was subject to the organic sickness of decadent capitalism and he kept seeing streaks of light on the horizon when there was really nothing but bankruptcy and stoppage of big industrial undertakings. Mr. Hoover was amazed because nobody could hear him whispering, 'Every day in every way we're getting better and better,' over the din of the great crash. And when, as we have said, he lost his head on the eve of the election and merely asked, 'Who can believe that anything better will arrive after I have gone?' the voters answered, 'Away with the father of prosperity,' and elected Roosevelt.

We know that the Democrats have won a victory unprecedented in American history. We know that Hoover carried only six states and Roosevelt forty-two. And we shall presently discover that no president ever received such an enormous popular majority. Yet it cannot be repeated too often that no American voter knew why he voted for Roosevelt, that is, nobody knew what Roosevelt would be able to do that was different from what his predecessor did. It is perfectly irrelevant to assert that Roosevelt was so sure of his victory that he did not want to endanger his election by rash promises. It is much more important to remember that the whole machinery of democracy ran wild. Roosevelt's tremendous majority in the face of an utterly hollow programme can be accounted for only by this fact.

We know that the Republican and Democratic parties are simply two separate brigades of American high finance. We also know that only the Republican brigade has seen service. The Democratic brigade has been held in reserve and has been pressed into service only at critical moments. Remember Roosevelt's Democratic predecessor, Woodrow Wilson, and the false hopes that were raised when he assumed office. And remember too that Wilson was a minority president and was successful only because the leading bourgeois party was split when a group of rebel Republicans followed the great Roosevelt, a cousin of the President Elect.

Between the previous and present Democratic victory there is this great difference—that the 1932 victory was not due to a Republican split, but to the intrinsic power of the Democratic Party. This growth of Democratic power is, however, nothing but the extension and deepening of the capitalist crisis. The leading Democrats and those big capitalists who defeated the Republicans and the father of prosperity therefore have no cause for rejoicing. For how can capitalists rejoice when they see the seal of doom written on their own system? The eighth of November not only marks Roosevelt's election, it also marks the great defeat of the American big bourgeoisie, who have changed

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political leaders because wide masses of people have shifted their political allegiance. The end of this shift is not yet in sight. Hoover, in retirement, can reflect with grim humor, 'I was elected in the midst of prosperity and the crisis was my personal disaster. But you have promised to master the crisis, though you have not divulged how you are going to do this. Now millions of Americans see in you the last chance of bourgeois America.' What will this last chance be?

VII. Japanese Postscript

By a Tokyo Correspondent

From the *Manchuria Daily News*, Dairen Pro-Japanese English-Language Daily

NOW that Gov. Roosevelt's victory has become assured, the Democrats are coming into power in March next for the first time during the past 12 years. In connection with the prospective change of the U. S. Government, the Foreign Ministry people observe on its effects on Japan as follows:—

(1) Unlike the Republicans, the Democrats will not follow so pronounced an imperialistic policy, but will assume a more liberal and conciliatory attitude. As the result, the new Government's policy to Japan is expected to be remarkably moderated. However, the U. S. traditional policy of nonrecognition of Manchukuo is believed to stand.

(2) Remembering Gov. Roosevelt's argument nine years ago that the United States should appreciate Japan best of all and discard all antagonistic policies to Japan, a more friendly attitude to Japan may be looked for than under President Hoover.

(3) As to the customs policy, the Democrats are absolutely against the high protective tariff and in favor of the reciprocal principles. Therefore, a striking improvement in the trade relation with the United States may be expected.

(4) Speaking of the U. S. stand to the League of Nations in future, Gov. Roosevelt criticizes the League as other than in accord with the spirit of the late President Wilson, the godfather to the League. In view of the above, the new Government is not likely to get itself concerned with the League of Nations any more than necessary.

(5) During the coming League meetings, State Secretary Stimson is to play an important rôle. Notwithstanding, the Democrats' victory will take all fire out of him in regard to the League matters, and accordingly the talked-of coöperation between the League and the United States is not looked for. The result will be that the minor-country members of the League will get depressed, so much to Japan's advantage.

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Accepting all the facts presented by Technocracy, Charles N. Edge, British-born head of a New York Stock Exchange house and a trained mathematician, demands taxation of the machine rather than abolition of the price system.

The Measurements *of* Technocracy

By Charles N. Edge

Foreword

THIS month and last The Living Age has been privileged to present two original articles of outstanding importance. In our December issue Howard Scott, director of Technocracy, issued his first signed statement describing the aims and methods of that organization. Now Charles N. Edge, economist, mathematician, and head of a New York Stock Exchange house, challenges some of Mr. Scott's contentions and supports others.

The essence of the case presented by Mr. Scott was that our present price system of payment for goods and services in terms of some commodity cannot function in a society that has been equipped by nature and technology to produce as much energy as the North American continent can. Mr. Scott therefore suggested that 'certifications of energy' might replace the 'certifications of debt' that constitute the only possible medium of exchange in a commodity price system such as ours; but he expressly refrained from 'proposing' any 'solution.' He showed that the energy consumption of the United States had increased 353 times over during the past century and that by far the greater part of this increase had occurred since 1900. He called attention to our unprecedented burden of debt and to our failure to take advantage of our present opportunity to achieve what has never before been possible in human history—leisure and stability. But, he insisted, this opportunity is open only to the United States. Neither England nor Italy—he chose but two examples among many—possesses the necessary 'geologic set-up, equipment, personnel, and . . .

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technology . . . to inaugurate a new era in the life of man.' His conclusion was that 'a progression once started must continue.'

Mr. Edge's reply accepts and welcomes all the data that Technocracy can accumulate. But he takes exception to two aspects of Mr. Scott's statement. He detects 'insolence,' not in Technocracy's explicitly objective scientific analysis, but in its philosophic and historical assumptions. Mr. Edge does not argue that 'the progression of a modern social mechanism is unidirectional and irreversible.' He asserts, on the contrary, that 'history leads us to believe that a social state progresses only by a process of trial and error.' He specifically criticizes Technocracy because in his view it accepts the machine's domination instead of clinging to the price system and attempting to apply some of the controls that we now possess. And he clearly implies that the machine will be controlled in that way because human nature will refuse to make the fundamental changes that would be required to set up a system of energy control. To which Technocracy would probably reply that human nature has no choice in the matter. Thus we arrive at the eternal conflict between the conservative who appeals to human nature and the progressive who points to the objective conditions that determine human nature.

Mr. Edge's second criticism of Mr. Scott forms the real substance of his reply. It is that the costs of technology are often greater than its benefits. For instance, the advance of mass production has wiped out the wealth of the farmers, who, in Mr. Edge's opinion, are the backbone of the nation and must be prosperous if the country is to attain stability. The conclusion that he reaches in the light of certain drawbacks of technology and in the light of the drastic solution suggested by Mr. Scott is that we should tax the machine. This would mean writing laws to regulate the relations between man and the machine, laws that have never before been written and that are sorely needed. But we have touched on only a few of the many points that Mr. Edge raises and if we were to deal with them all we should find ourselves filling more space than his own compact and suggestive article occupies. We therefore introduce him with this question: Will society be able to control the machine by conscious application of the means now in its hands, or does the machine lead inevitably to a new social order? [THE EDITOR.]

THEOCRACY, monarchy, oligarchy, aristocracy, plutocracy, democracy, technocracy—is this the sequence? A simple definition of the actual word 'Technocracy' immediately becomes imperative. It would seem to me to mean: 'A government among men, recognizing the sovereignty of technology, its claims based on the fact that the measurements of obsolescence have proved all price standards to be unstable.'

A new 'pretender to the throne' has arisen. Is it inevitable that energy, the 'god and gold' of technology, be accepted as our control and future overlord? Is there justification for this insurgency? Has technology so reduced the price value of wealth that debts issued against that wealth can no longer be supported? Is it conceivable that the rule of technocracy would produce earned happiness for

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the greatest number? Can technocracy answer and solve our most momentous problem: 'Why are so many millions in want with so much wealth in goods at hand?' Can it offer a social state that produces stability exceeding, or at least equal to, that produced by a democracy operating on a price system? Are the claims for a technocracy insolent, or should they be regarded merely as accurate and highly important measurements of standards and relationships that a great dynamic change has made unstable—standards and relationships which, up to now, neither our democracy nor any other has ever attempted to control?

The science of technometrology, the measurement of these standards, is most desperately needed. If Technocracy will accept this nomenclature in spirit, if Technocracy's measurements are to be used to uphold our present price system and to prove the need for modifying and perhaps rebuilding it, then those measurements that the exponents of Technocracy promise us may rank among the most important contributions of our time. Such knowledge of actual facts and of their relationship to each other, together with fear of the consequences that will almost certainly ensue, for the first time may make it possible for the people's will to control and stabilize these standards and relationships.

Most unfortunately, at this early stage, Technocracy completely dismisses the possibility that any control can exist under our present price system, any control either of our unit of price value, or of our most important relationship, the relative value of man to the machine. Technocracy demands a new master, complete destruction of all our present price standards, and complete severance from all past responsibilities. Technocracy offers no solution, but tentatively proposes as our new master its own god, energy, whose use and worship causes our social state to change.

Technocracy opens its case by presenting the most striking illustrations of the science of technology. It shows how the science of production has advanced so far that man's power to create value, as opposed to the machine's power, has declined, in certain instances at least, to almost nothing. The present and future effect upon human employment in the manufacturing industries is obvious and terrible. The future prospect of earned happiness for the greatest number has diminished greatly. Here is the first popular warning, through the power of psychological fear, that technology can be dreadful as well as wonderful.

The effects of technology are easy to grasp in respect to unemployment, but the calculable correlative results, present and future, reach much further than unemployment and affect every one of us in all our relationships. Almost certainly these effects will ultimately change the course of our economic and social history.

Every relationship between gold and its control, employment and its insurance, wages and their stability, farms and their output, obsolescence and its effects upon wealth, industrial production and its control, debts and their payment, foreign trade and tariffs, taxes and their collection, real estate and its assessment, the standard of living and its support, our Government and its stability is interwoven with the great technological change that has taken place in the last fifteen years.

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This article is devoted to a perhaps erroneous interpretation of some of these relationships as affected by technology; but interpretation there must be, if only to be refuted. The facts presented by Technocracy and their results can be analyzed and estimated, but the theories and dreams of Technocracy for a future social state with no price-value standards are impossible to evaluate, or even to criticize, at least until their mathematics are definite. History, however, leads us to believe that a social state progresses only by a process of trial and error. It is most probable—witness England's valiant efforts—that great changes will occur only in this way, and not by the destruction of our present system, with a new system arising from its ashes.

Technology and Employment

In 1900 A.D., when horses first saw automobiles in America, they thought their end had come. There were 20,000,000 horses on American farms in 1900 but, strangely enough, twenty years later there were 21,000,000. Motor traction itself had created so much new work that there was room for both. Now at this point motor traction began to overwhelm and oust horses, and ten years later there were only 13,000,000 horses left on American farms.

If it had been essential to preserve the value and existence of horses, we should have had to change the relative value of the horse to the automobile, and this could have been done to any desired extent by determined taxation upon the automobile. Shortening the working hours of the horse would only have made matters worse. It would have rested the horse when he did not need to be rested, but would have further lowered his economic value compared to the motor vehicle. A 'dole' for horses would not have helped the horse permanently; it would have meant giving him, in the form of charity, a fraction of what had been taken from him—his right to create value.

The story of the machine and man is the same as the story of the automobile and the horse. From 1830 to 1922 the machine created such a vast quantity of new work that both man and the machine had enough to do. Between 1917 and 1922 the machine had suddenly become larger and much more efficient; it began to overwhelm man and his power to create value. Since 1922 the value of man's work and the demand for it have fallen almost continuously and have been supported only by vast and increasing government expenditures.

It *is* essential to preserve the value and life of man. It is, therefore, essential to raise the relative value of man compared to the machine. This can be done to any desired extent by removing the burden of taxation from man and placing it upon the machine.

Technology and Obsolescence

Obsolescence: The change in the price value of wealth through improved technology.

In nature there is no obsolescence, for her science of production is static. A tree, in this decade or century, takes the same time to grow, and attains the same quality, as the same tree grown by nature two thousand years ago. A radio built in 1920 was valueless in 1921 as a result of obsolescence, of advance in the science of producing radios. For the same reason

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all radios built in 1921 had lost their entire price value by 1923. As the science of building radios gradually reaches perfection obsolescence almost ceases, only to grow again with great rapidity when a new invention embodying, say, radio and television combined, appears on the market.

A railway built under advanced modern technology would be vastly different from the railways that we know. Only one stop every fifty miles; locomotives using half the present amount of fuel per unit of power developed; stream-line, roller-bearing trains, with a normal speed of 100 miles an hour, probably running without human control. Our ability to construct such railways does not prevent the operation of our present railways, or impair their capacity for service, but it does make their price value artificial, it does prevent the further issuance of bonds for physical equipment now obsolete and virtually without price value. For the past fifty years railways have regarded their technology, and hence their physical value, as static, and have disregarded the overwhelming change in their price value due to obsolescence. An automobile of as late a model as 1929 has almost no price value to-day, even though its capacity for service may be unimpaired.

In every process of human design this change of value holds true, from radios to railways. The change of technology in any process, however small or however large, measures the change in price value of what has been produced under that process, and limits the amount of debt that the physical equipment produced under that process can bear. Technology is, therefore, the inherent enemy of a static price system. If the technology of manufacture changes too quickly, all physical equipment loses its price value so rapidly that it can no longer support the debts created against it at a lower level of technology. The normal time of amortization has not elapsed.

As technology advances, not only does it devaluate all goods previously produced, but it also renders man obsolete and destroys his price value by reducing the value of what he can create compared to what the machine can create. In this way, between 1921 and 1929, the calculated value of man fell from 156 to 126, and the value (unromantic) of woman from 156 to 115.

Uncontrolled technology may indeed have reached the point at which all wealth in goods and life has lost, almost unperceived, so great a part of its value that at some time very soon our price unit must be readjusted to meet this change. The continually decreasing reproduction value of all physical equipment measured in gold cannot long support the total gold indebtedness issued against such equipment. It is not a question of wealth or strength; it is a question of the change produced by obsolescence in the relative value of all physical assets compared to a constantly increasing debt that is measured, not in terms of these changing assets, but in terms of gold.

Technocracy apparently measures this obsolescence in any area by the change in the rate of energy consumed in that area. Technocracy realizes that technology must ultimately destroy our present price structure, but does not admit that the obsolescence that has occurred and will occur can,

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at any time and to any extent, be neutralized by changing our present unit of value. If we were to change our unit of value, we could make all debts bear their proportionate share in the automatic revaluation of wealth by obsolescence.

Technology and Farming

Technology, the science of production, has one end in view: efficiency, the lowering of production costs by improved methods, by the adoption of automatic series of operation that normally involve the substitution of mechanical for human operation. This process naturally involves much capital, high volume, large production units, and correspondingly low operating costs. The formula for the cost of production is expected to change from what it was under pure manufacture, that is, making by hand, when it remained constant and independent of volume, and become an ultimate, empirical formula whereby the cost varies inversely to some function of the quantity produced.

But the results expected are not always realized. For example, the combined cost of producing a unit of cows and a unit of corn remains very nearly constant, irrespective of the volume. The cost per unit of producing 5,000 bushels of corn and 20 cows with simple machinery is probably actually slightly lower than the cost per unit of producing 1,000,000 bushels of corn and 4,000 cows with the most advanced technology. This very simple fact determines the economic area of a farm, and the very existence of the average American farm. It determines whether the economic area should be 200 acres, or, in one jump, 12,000 acres, with machinery massed at the centre of this area. It determines whether our present system of agriculture is stable, or whether farms must be operated collectively. It determines the permanent stability of the Soviet Republics. Let us be thankful that the evidence from Russia and from America during the last three years goes far to prove that technology in the production of livestock and farm products has been unable to lower even apparent unit costs by mass production. The weak can still live against the strong—indeed, the strong will perish first.

Technology has not even been able to prove the economic value of the farm tractor. It has been able to decrease the employment of man per unit, but the small number of hours per year during which farm machinery can be operated seems an insuperable obstacle to reducing the cost per unit of production. Interest, depreciation, and obsolescence more than neutralize all the advantages of such intermittently operated machinery.

The mass production of pigs by Denmark seems to be the great exception. For a period of twenty years, the most advanced technology has continuously lowered the cost of production of pig products and increased their volume. The pigs are housed, they are not permitted to dissipate energy by exercise, they are taught to be self-hygienic, they are graded, packed, shipped, and marketed by collective enterprise. This form of technology has destroyed the pig industry in England and has been one of the major causes of the ruin of English farmers. Technology has progressed so far among Danish pig-raisers that England, a pig-raising country with 3,000,000 unemployed, imports each

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year pig products of a value sufficient to pay off her debt to America in fifteen years. Would that America's problem were as easy!

Technology and Tariffs

Let us examine some resultants of a technological formula of production costs when these costs vary inversely as the volume produced. To illustrate: Let us say that the United States, with a home market for 1,000,000 motor cars a year, has a basic production cost of $500.00 per car. Great Britain, with a home market for 200,000 cars yearly, has a corresponding basic cost of about $800.00 for the same car. This difference in basic cost results in the importation of 50,000 American cars. But the basic cost of the remaining home market in England—for 150,000 cars—is no longer $800.00; it automatically jumps to $900.00. The American cost is no longer $500.00, but drops to $490.00. In other words, when one mass-producing country imports a single mass-produced article from another mass-producing country it raises its own unit cost and lowers the unit cost of its competitor. Theoretically, this procedure produces instability and cannot continue, for it results in destruction of the smaller country's industry. Under mass production it therefore becomes necessary to raise tariffs up to a point at which such imports are not only difficult, but impossible.

Stated more broadly, *tariffs under mass production must always be raised and never lowered*, since it is theoretically impossible for any mass-producing country to export to another country any article which that other country manufactures and, in a slightly later stage, any article which that other country *can* manufacture. Mass production is rapidly spreading throughout the world, and its requirements for basic volume will tend more and more to strangle trade and separate the world into compartments. The next most probable state is trade moving in volume only between countries of different mean temperatures. The logical result is that the percentage of world trade occurring between the United States and Europe will continuously diminish, whereas the percentage occurring between the United States, Canada, and South American countries will continuously increase. In this direction only lies normal trade expansion under advanced technology. Countries of equal mean temperatures must be natural trade enemies. (Canada's standard of living may be lowered for a century by Russia.) Theoretically, England, Belgium, France, and the United States can never again accept any manufactured products from Germany, however low the price; natural trade expansion for Germany will normally be with Russia to the north and with the countries to the south.

If technological formulas have such startling theoretical effects upon world trade, it becomes clear that the problems touched upon by Technocracy do not affect only a small fraction of the world's population but become universal. And domestic problems are even more seriously affected than world trade.

Technology and Vital Statistics

The domestic results of technology and uncontrolled mass production, chiefly of luxuries, which alone have an elastic demand and whose costs

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vary inversely with the volume, are infinitely more serious.

Let us consider some of the results of the mass production of automobiles, trucks, and tractors. In 1900 there were 20,000,000 horses on the farms of the United States. Up to 1920, automotive power had not displaced horses, for there were 21,000,000 of them on the farms. But in 1931 their numbers had been reduced to 13,000,000—a loss of 8,000,000 horses in 11 years. The farmers, by changing the type of energy used on their farms from actual horse power to gasoline, in other words, by eliminating the horse, reduced the consumption of their own farm products to an extent equal in weight to the food consumption of 40,000,000 people. An apparent advance in the technology of farming caused, as an immediate, direct result, the greatest disaster that could have happened to the farms.

Nor is this all; as the probable result of using 27,000,000 automobiles, instead of walking with their own energy, the American people's consumption of meat has fallen 15 per cent *per capita* in the same period, with the direct result that, while in 1920 there were 40,000,000 cattle in the United States, in 1931 there were only 30,000,000. Thus technological advances have lost the farmers 10,000,000 animal consumers of their products, and these animals consumed in weight as much food as 50,000,000 people. Disaster for the farm! A permanent, total reduction of about 17 per cent in the demand for all farm products. In other words, the present use of automotive power means that approximately one-fifth of all the farms in America are no longer needed—they should be allowed to revert to forest. And if no control is applied the next most probable state of the American farmer is even worse. Here alone is sufficient cause to account for the disastrous 1929–1934 period.

As would be expected, the value of American farms has not remained stable. The United States Department of Agriculture gives average American farm land an index number of 156 for 1921, a panic year, and a progressively lower number for each succeeding year up to 1929, which had an index number of 116. In December 1932 the index number was probably no higher than 70!

Financially, the farmer has not strengthened his position by industrial technology. He purchased between 1910 and 1931 $7,000,000,000 worth of automobiles, trucks, and tractors that could not have been bought from income because, according to partial estimates, farm mortgages increased during that period by almost $8,000,000,000. In short, the outstanding debt against this equipment remains, but about 90 per cent of the equipment itself has reverted to rust and decay. What a price to pay for advance!

And this is not all. The automobile, the most desirable known luxury, whose price has been reduced by mass production and technology, has successfully competed with and will continue to suppress its only competitor in desirability: children. The correlation in the United States since 1915 between the increase in the number of automobiles and the decrease in the number of children born is exact. The two curves lie on one another, and they show that every 100 automobiles in use over 6,000,000

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result in the loss of 3.2 babies a year. Too high a price to pay for technology. The dangerous increase in the proportion of the old to the young, as shown by the vital statistics of the United States, has been caused partly by the aforementioned facts and partly by the increased technology of the medical profession, which tends to keep the old alive longer. At the present rate of progress, the average age in the United States will probably in less than twenty-five years become higher than that of any other nation. A progression beyond the safety limit!

The Relative Controls of Gold and Energy

'Technocracy offers no cure,' says Mr. Scott. But Technocracy hints at the adoption of an energy unit, a new control.

The control exercised by a gold standard that is not tampered with is very powerful, definite, and measurable, but it is harsh; it causes our economic system to 'hunt,' to operate at an excessive speed, and then be shut down below a normal speed. Such is the price we have always paid, and must pay, under gold, for a definitely safe, stabilized economic system.

Under gold, the force necessary to increase or decrease industrial production is proportional to the difference between the curve of commodity prices and the wage curve. If wages rise more or fall less than commodity prices undue losses follow; if commodity prices rise faster or fall more slowly than wages undue profits follow. The integral of the force is the business cycle. Under a gold control, losses curtail production, and any external force that endeavors to maintain production in the face of losses tampers with this control.

The control exercised by a silver standard is much less severe, but much less safe. Overproduction can be carried much further, but the period necessary for recovery is much longer. The control exercised by an energy, or an iron, standard—for the two are remarkably similar—would seem at first to produce the millennium—wages and commodity prices would move hand in hand, and expansion would proceed without hindrance, without danger of loss, until entire collapse took place, but then there would be no automatic force for recovery. Such a theoretically unstabilized system could not endure.

Technocracy apparently does not propose an unqualified energy standard, but an energy-controlled standard that is to be based on scientifically calculated, thermodynamically balanced periods. Such a control cannot be calculated without the most exact definitions. Even if such a control were set up, the human element would almost surely change and nullify it, as has happened with gold. In the natural course of events such changes in control would be made to improve present conditions rather than to provide for the future.

Technology Changes the Relative Value of Man to the Machine

There are only two ways of creating value: (1) by man; (2) by the machine. Which has the prior right—man or the machine? When there is not enough work for both, whose employment shall we curtail? Is it better to keep the employment of man constant and vary the use of the machine, or vary the employment of man and

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keep the machine in constant use? We are now doing the latter.

True business, which means normal present consumption, can reach a maximum only when all men are employed. The permanent establishment of this condition must determine the maximum speed of the machine. For example, the disconnection of the telephone system, our most efficient machine, or even a tax of $1 a call, would probably eliminate all unemployment in the United States within thirty days. Are we willing to pay the price? A tax of 10¢ a kilowatt hour, or its equivalent, on every type of power would even compel the immigration of 10,000,000 laborers within twelve months. Are we willing to pay the price? For there is one thing certain, that we are going to do the work necessary to be done in the United States, whether we work efficiently or inefficiently, whether we haul our goods by hand, horse, railway, truck, or aëroplane. Does apparent efficiency rank ahead of the employment of every man and his right to create value? Or is it possible that real efficiency cannot exist unless man is fully employed? In nature the living animal that does not create value dies.

No such radical proposals of taxation as those suggested above are necessary. If it is agreed that all men, and more, can be employed by apparent retrogression, by controlling the machine rather than being controlled by it, there must be some point of such control at which all men can be employed and the employment of the machine be made to vary.

By taxing the machine, it is theoretically and practically possible to raise and change the relative value of man to the machine to any desired extent. All machines must be taxed up to the point at which all men can be employed. Since this point is variable, the necessary taxation on the machine must vary. Such taxation is feasible but difficult; it is nothing compared to the difficulties arising from the variation of man's employment.

The determination and certainty of man's right to create value measure the ultimate stability of any social structure. The machine is wonderful in that it can be varied and made to serve, rather than rule. Transfer taxation from man and land and place it upon the machine. This is safety, common sense, and justice.

The laws of nature define and measure stability and its limits. Among all men all laws are written to produce and define stability in relationships. The most important relationship is that between man and the machine, but not even one law has ever been written to control it. It is still entirely legal and praiseworthy to construct and operate any machine or series of machines, independent of man's prior right to create value—independent of the amortization of existing machines, independent of the need for machinery, independent of the Government's right and ability to collect taxes. Machines not only are permitted, without control, to fill present demands and normal consumption, but are permitted and encouraged, by means of future or deferred payments, to fill future demands and destroy future consumption. The machine has been pampered, favored, and nationally indorsed to such an extent that recognition of its sovereignty is now advocated, although its control has never been attempted!

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A world traveler, Scotch by ancestry and German by choice, points out that primitive people are acquiring all the appurtenances of civilization at a time when civilization itself is losing the enthusiasm that has kept the ancient races going throughout the ages.

Primitives *and* Civilization

By Colin Ross

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich German-Language Daily

THE most primitive people in the world, and those who bear the closest resemblance to prehistoric mankind, are the Australian aborigines. It is true that the Kubus, who live in the mysterious forests of central Sumatra, are perhaps still more primitive, but we have almost no authentic knowledge about them.

It is not so amazing that the natives of Australia, both men and women, go about without a stitch of clothing, for various African tribes, such as the Kavirondos and Shilluks, do the same thing and yet cannot be called primitive in the strict sense of the word. But the Australian blacks have no houses or domestic animals and, except for their weapons, only the simplest tools, notably a kind of bark container in which the women carry all their possessions. Their graves are marked with a plant that has edible roots.

We have therefore every reason to regard the Australian blacks as the perfect type of prehistoric, hunting, tribal people. They know nothing whatever about cattle-raising and agriculture. They live in the jungles and desert, nourishing themselves entirely on what the men get hunting and fishing and what the women pick. Their only protection against inclement weather is the most primitive kind of shelter. When it is pleasant they sleep stark naked on the bare ground like animals. Let me make it quite clear how far we must go back into antiquity to find, among the an-

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cestors of the civilized peoples of to-day, European or otherwise, a form of life as primitive as that of the Australian aborigines. We should have to go back beyond the Bronze and Stone Ages to find equally primitive folk, for the later Stone Age knew something about agriculture, pottery, and building houses, and in certain parts of the world there were even farmyards and fortifications at that time. We must go far back into the diluvial epoch before we encounter a form of life resembling that of the present Australian blacks.

This means that an almost fantastic period of time lies between us and these people who are still living on the earth to-day. If we reckon the late paleolithic epoch as extending from 15000 to 35000 B.C. we place the diluvial epoch at about fifty thousand years before the birth of Christ. Of course, any reckoning of this kind is more or less vague, but it is at least certain that the span of time that separates us from the evolutionary stage that the Australian blacks have reached must be some tens of thousands of years long.

These last remnants of primitive humanity are no longer being exterminated like a kind of pestilence. Attempts are being made to civilize them on public reservations that have been set up in the Australian Commonwealth, where an amazing discovery has been made. Take any child from any wild tribe, put it in a reservation, and send it to school and it learns reading and writing, arithmetic and geography just like a white child. I visited a mission school in Queensland where black children attended the same classes as the white children of the missionaries and government officials. I visited the classes and could not notice any difference at all between the accomplishments of the children of civilization and the children of the bush. In fact, I could not help noticing that the little black children knew their lessons slightly better and made slightly fewer mistakes than our own six-year-old Ralph, who had accompanied us on our journey across Australia and had received his first schooling in Sydney.

Now people generally say—and I have heard this before in connection with Africa—that natives are able to learn more rapidly and easily than whites while they are still small children but that a point soon comes at which they fall hopelessly behind. That may be so, but it is by no means certain, and even if it is true it is hardly surprising. The extraordinary, in fact, the astounding thing is that a child of parents whose cultural level is extremely primitive can learn to read and write comparatively easily. If a primitive whose forbears had lived in civilized surroundings for three generations needed a whole lifetime to learn the fundamentals of reading and writing, even that would be an amazing achievement in the light of evolutionary theory. For what is left of all evolution if the whole experience, the whole training, the whole heritage of knowledge and intellectual skill accumulated over thousands and tens of thousands of years can be acquired in a few generations?

And it is being acquired within a few generations, even within a few years. In the Negro university of the Scotch mission in Natal I met black students who had come straight from the kraal to the mission school to study theology and medicine and who

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were the equals of any white student in respect to both knowledge and intelligence.

I was astounded, but I did not give much thought to the matter. Now in the native schools of Australia I encountered the same thing over again as I watched a primitive people acquiring the knowledge and skill of our time with amazing speed. I thought of Webster and Simon, our servant boys in Central Africa, who spoke and wrote perfect English and knew Ki-Swahili as well as their native dialect. Within a few weeks they had picked up so much German from our conversation that they understood everything we were saying and were able to use a few German expressions correctly themselves.

The South Sea schools tell the same story that the schools for Australian natives do. The young children who attend them were lifted out of the Stone Age and set down in the middle of our civilization and they at once began acting as if they had drunk in our ideas and intellectual capacities with their mother's milk.

II

In the light of the European theory of evolution, it is terrifying and profoundly strange to see how quickly our knowledge and technical civilization can be taken over and imitated by other races that stand far behind us in respect to evolutionary development. But we Europeans are much too wrapped up in ourselves and our tempo of life is too rapid for us to be alarmed when we make this discovery. When we take the trouble to reflect about it at all we usually console ourselves with the thought that the most that other people can do is to imitate our accomplishments, that they are not yet able to do things for themselves.

This may be self-deception but there is something in it. In fact, it hits the nail on the head, only we do not draw the necessary conclusions when they begin to look unpleasant. Yes, our whole civilization and all our knowledge can be taught and transferred; they can even be made available to a primitive whose oversized head has not been filled with the thousands and tens of thousands of years of intellectual training that we Europeans have behind us.

Recognition of this fact also throws a bright side-light on our own situation. During the last century we not only have assembled a tremendous amount of knowledge and experience but have made it available and palatable and have predigested it. We have developed methods of communication that make it more than easy for anyone to acquire this knowledge. All that is necessary in order to pass examinations and become an expert is a good memory and such modest intellectual equipment as even a savage possesses. This also explains the otherwise inexplicable fact that Zulus or Arandas from the Australian bush not only learn to read and write, which was a privilege that only a small educated class was entitled to during the Middle Ages, but that many of them acquire academic training with ease. If our sixteen- or seventeen-year-old children of both sexes are discussing the most difficult problems to-day it is not because they are more intellectually mature than the previous generation but merely because the ground has been prepared for them.

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One recognizes this to be the case when one looks at the situation from the other side and sees the helplessness of these same young people, who do not know how to begin using the vast wealth of material they have mastered. They have been born into a period that offers greater opportunities than any previous period, yet they can think of nothing better to do than to complain and criticize because it opens up no field of activity to them, because they have only learned to continue to follow the path that was laid down for them and are perplexed when they suddenly run up against a wall, even if this wall is merely the act of practising a profession.

What is the use of all this education if it does not enable them to manage the little sorrows of life that the savage overcomes so easily and under much more difficult circumstances? For one does not need to have accumulated knowledge for years and decades in order to come to the final, distressing conclusion that life is a difficult, dangerous business.

A seer, a wise man, has always been the kind of person who not only was able to confront the sorrows and miseries of life for himself but could also draw upon the treasures of his knowledge and wisdom to help others and become their support and strength and leader. Measured by this standard, what do the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands who are coming to maturity and receiving doctor's degrees all over the world amount to? Of course there are many virtuous, laborious drones among them; in fact, these form the vast majority. They are indispensable in the huge hive of modern science and modern civilization. They work hard and keep building larger things.

But this academic proletariat, not only in Europe and America but all over the world, in India, Japan, and China, has learned only one calling and is trained in only one specialty. It has not learned how to live profoundly or how to master life, and thus it may become a danger to the material culture of the West. By this I do not mean that the unemployed, educated proletariat that is trained to perform difficult tasks represents political dynamite, although this is largely the case in India and China. The chief danger lies elsewhere.

The danger is that the elements that ought to play a leading part in society are infected with universal boredom and lack of interest and are losing intellectual vigor, which in the long run is indispensable to keep the machine of civilization in operation. Life can be maintained only by the life impulse itself, by generation and procreation, spiritual as well as physical. Just as each individual must always be ready to solve new problems in a new way, so must every nation and every culture be ready to act. Thus the otherwise inexplicable spiritual crisis of the West suddenly becomes clear.

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Persons and Personages

Gentlemen of the Herrenklub

By a Berlin Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THE GERMAN HERRENKLUB is to-day the most discussed and most debated socio-political organization in the German capital. Proletarians believe that fat industrial millionaires and bloated agrarians gather there to feast from tables that sag under the weight of costly delicacies. From Hitler's heaven wicked forked lightning darts down on the 'Dagger Stabbers' of the Herrenklub, who, under Hugenberg's skillful leadership, are supposed to be fashioning the lethal instrument that is to be plunged in the back of the Third Reich. The bourgeois distrusts what he believes to be the carefully guarded secret of the feudal conventicle from whose bosom the Papen-Schleicher cabinet came to light in a sorely troubled German world.

What is the truth of the matter? As the old Prussia lay dying, a little group of upright patriots gathered together in the 'Red Room' on what used to be the Königsplatz around the long table of the hall in which the aged Moltke had once led the discussions of the great general staff. Although most of the members of this group wore uniforms, they acknowledged in honest bourgeois fashion their allegiance to the new state, which they were determined to serve even under the changed conditions. They soon found opportunity to prove that they sincerely intended to renounce their former privileges and class pride. Men like Harnack and Willamowitz, Delbrück and Hoetzsch, strategists, general-staff officers and veterans of the front, representatives of the press, art, and literature, leaders of industry, business, and banking unanimously accepted the watchword of the new socialist-republican government: 'Peace, freedom, bread.' Not only did they accept it; they worked for it. They sought to come to an agreement with their fellow countrymen of all ranks and opinions.

Among the most ardent champions of this new era was Heinrich von Gleichen, owner of a manorial estate in Tannrode on the Ilm, a descendant of an old Thuringian family and a cousin of Alexander von Gleichen-Russwurm, whose great-grandfather married Friedrich Schiller's daughter. Gleichen, who entered the war as a reserve officer in a cavalry regiment, soon developed heart trouble and was transferred to the economic division of the general staff, which at that time was the centre of the bit-

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ter struggle of the military against Bethmann Hollweg's 'lumbaginous' chancellorship. Gleichen aimed to create a nucleus around which the German youth who were sensitive to the Fatherland and interested in politics would congregate. First of all he laid down the boundaries of the group from which Germany was to draw a new and valuable ruling class, extending these boundaries so far to right and left that his discreet and tactful efforts succeeded in attracting everyone who wished to work together honorably for reconstruction, from old Januschau, the big agrarian, to sworn trade-unionists, from banking lords to Stegerwald. All these different elements exchanged greetings on the floor of a carefully chosen neutral hall.

Gleichen entertained the most promising members of this somewhat venturesome catch in his home on the Privatstrasse, Potsdam. With breadth of vision he sifted out certain individuals because of their personal qualities. He became more and more firmly convinced that only leaders who revered tradition could guide the Fatherland to new heights and that such leaders must be trained to accept a conservative point of view. Gleichen's ambition was not that of a tribune of the people. As the man of 'silent connections,' he wished to be left undisturbed to pull the wires behind the scenes as his slowly maturing plans might require. Even the inner circle of his followers scarcely noticed the visits that he at that time paid to almost all of the former German princes, with whom he has since remained in close contact.

Then one day there appeared on a rented house in the Motzstrasse a little brass plate which bore the words, 'Deutscher Herrenklub.' A roomy but modestly furnished suite of offices contained the small staff that edited Gleichen's journal, *The Ring*. A kind of auditorium served for all social activities and for lecture courses that trained a carefully picked group of gifted men for political leadership. Here a number of invited guests listened each Friday to a prominent man who afterward would good-naturedly let himself be questioned during the course of a cleverly conducted discussion. Big politicians and economists, including Hugenberg, Stinnes, Cuno, Luther, Seldte, Düsterberg, and many others, did not disdain to appear. Gleichen, who was always present, arranged and carried on all of these activities without ever pushing himself into the foreground.

THE PRESIDENCY of the Herrenklub was at this time taken over by former Ministerial Director Dr. Hans Meydenbauer. This pillar of the Hugenberg faction was a politician and economic leader, the recipient of many degrees, and a most distinguished and able man. Later the Herrenklub moved into the magnificent palace on the Pariser Platz, which it shared for a time with the Big Casino, whose members were drawn

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entirely from former court society and the military nobility. When the Casino could no longer pay the high rent demanded by selling its expensive old relics (to-day this house, the most beautiful in all Berlin, stands completely empty), the German Herrenklub and the Cavalry Guard Casino, which had been expelled from the Union Club, found a new home in a big house at 15 Friedrich-Ebert-Strasse.

This splendid twelve-room dwelling, one of those houses in the old Berlin West Side which can no longer be rented to private families, was divided into a reading room, social rooms, and a great dining hall. In the carefully guarded holy of holies stands the famous card catalogue of leaders. Here a tremendous daily record is tirelessly kept and, when occasion arises, it serves as the basis for filling important posts and for making appointments and promotions. The part this card catalogue has played in domestic German history during the last few months should not be underestimated.

The Herrenklub has always had to get along with comparatively small means, although its supporters have included a large number of very powerful individuals. The pleasant simplicity with which its rooms are furnished stands in marked contrast to the inappropriate and snobbish pre-war splendor that still prevails in many other clubs. Even the regular Friday dinners and the famous annual dinner of the club, at which dinner jackets are worn, leave something to be desired in respect to the food, although the excellent service, which is under the direction of a Baltic baron, satisfies the most exacting taste.

The director of the club is Herr Ivan von Radowitz, the son of that long dead German ambassador for whom the conclusion of the momentous treaty of Algeciras was not exactly the crowning act of a valuable career. Count Bolko von Alvensleben, an unusually clever man, is to-day president of the German Herrenklub. He is the oldest son of Count von Alvensleben,—the father-in-law of Ivan von Radowitz,—who even as an old man was one of the most brilliant figures in Berlin court society and who cut quite a dash with his famous four-in-hand, which he drove himself. For years Count Bolko has been the shining hope of the conservatives. He was visiting Reich President von Hindenburg on his estate in Neudeck the day before the appointment of the Papen-Schleicher cabinet, which was announced a few hours later over the radio by Heinrich von Gleichen. General von Schleicher; the former cavalry officer, Von Papen; Baron von Gayl, and other members of the recent Papen cabinet have long been esteemed members of the Herrenklub. Over the simple restaurant table of the dining hall they chat with high officials of other ministries, with the best known agrarians from east of the Elbe, with Silesian noblemen of the Centre Party, with magnates of the Rhenish-Westphalian heavy industry, and with representatives of

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conservative big business, conservative banking, and conservative-nationalist newspapers.

Herr von Gleichen, Count von Alvensleben, and other pillars of the club see to it that the very lively discussions maintain a dignified level and that the big political questions discussed in the clubrooms are decided in a more peaceful and unprejudiced way than is the case in circles bound to party dogma, many of which consider the Herrenklub a den of reactionary lions. The Herrenklub to-day has about five hundred members who are well able to meet the very modest costs of running the club.

If one were to name the most influential member of the group which a few months ago induced the aged Reich President to make one of the most momentous decisions of his life and dismiss Brüning, one would have to name old Herr von Oldenburg-Januschau, who at the present moment is the most powerful man behind the scenes in Germany. Anyone familiar with Hindenburg's real point of view will understand why he is sympathetic to the group which is crystallizing more and more about Herr von Gleichen and from which he finally drew the Papen cabinet at the insistence of Oldenburg-Januschau.

Three Gentlemen of Berlin

By Philippe Barrès

Translated from *Le Matin*, Paris Boulevard Daily

THE cold, the wind, and the returning winter fogs give Germany its legendary shape, its fundamental physiognomy, and offer contrasting studies in light and shadow. This evening as I was walking down the wide, dim-lit avenues of Berlin beggars poured out of doorways, rubbing up against me murmuring and then disappearing into pockets of darkness. With their terrified awkwardness, silent manœuvring, and ragged garments, they offered a plaintive, cruel sight that reminded me of those congregations of human bats that we see in certain advance-guard films. In the light of a tavern, one of them who had just struck another full in the face looked at his victim lying on the ground and hit him again. The victim turned a complete somersault and fled, gesticulating, into the theatrical darkness.

But I did not have time that evening to linger among these outcasts, picturesque as they were. I was going to dine in a restaurant with three barons, members of the little clan that is now really governing Germany. Gradually, as I approached the centre of the city, beggars gave place to young women of the kind that are known as elegant. Why do we always meet the solicitations of such people with a joke? 'No,' I said to

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one of them, who stood smiling beside me, 'you are too pretty.' And she was pretty, reminding me of the poor little London girl, Ann, in Thomas De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*.

'But I want to eat,' she said in a poignant voice. 'Just one mark for food.'

As I entered the restaurant I still felt the coldness of her child's hand seizing my coin. And the pain and menace of all this nocturnal suffering accompanied me. The restaurant I entered was luxuriant and silent, and its decorations and hangings were covered with coats of arms of the Prussian army from every period of its history. Here proud lieutenants of the imperial epoch used to live on the memory of Frederick the Great's exploits, here cries of '*Hoch!*' rang out after the Battle of Sedan and before the Battle of the Marne.

I found my hosts in a private dining room lit by candles and full of dancing shadows. They were three unforgettable Germans. The first was of the slender type and wore a monocle. The second had a bony face glowing with intelligence and resting on a body shaped like a tobacco jar. The third was a gigantic fellow on the order of Hindenburg.

'Cocktails.'

While number one affably said how pleased he was to meet me and while I replied as best I could, numbers two and three silently contemplated a picture of the Crown Prince on the wall, an original water color done by a talented hand.

I said what came into my head. 'There's a little portrait that has charm.'

My companions underwent a visible effort to admit me to the lofty region of their minds. Finally the little fat one murmured, 'Looks like him,' and that was all.

A strange dinner. As we devoured famous dishes from a table weighted down with an immense silver candelabrum conversation languished, and only the activity of the servants, who were blushing with deference, prevented this silence from becoming embarrassing. I talked about politics but without success. I then decided to discuss the army.

Suddenly their eyes shone with a flame of interest. 'Are you an officer?' murmured the man who looked like Hindenburg.

'Yes.'

'Ah,' they all three said in chorus. And their interest amounted almost to comradeship. 'We belong to the Third Regiment of the Guards. How about you?'

'I am a Chasseur.'

'Where are you stationed?'

'Strassburg.'

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'Strassburg,' the most affable of them repeated slowly. 'My uncle was military governor there in 1900. It was there that I grew up.'

And all three of them raised their glasses with a single gesture, looked at me, and cried, 'To our good understanding.'

'Yes,' I replied with conviction, 'to our good understanding, for which we old soldiers should work.'

'DO YOU know,' resumed the most elegant of them, 'that I have relatives in France?'

'Where, captain?'

'In Touraine. My great-grandmother lived there.'

'We are all related to each other,' I said, 'and out of this confusion we ought to achieve peace.'

'We are like Athens and Sparta at the time when Philip of Macedonia intervened in the struggle between them. It is time for us to stop.' The tobacco jar had spoken.

'If we don't,' added the Hindenburg, 'we shall die honorably, but we shall die, both France and Germany.'

'Undoubtedly,' I answered, 'but to achieve this understanding you must admit that France has made an unprecedented effort. Its disarmament plan, for instance.'

'Do you want me to give you my opinion on that?' interrupted the Hindenburg. 'Well, that plan does n't interest me.'

'It does n't?'

'No. But it would interest me if I wanted to fight France because it would weaken you, in my opinion.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean from the moral point of view, because, knowing nothing about the plan's details, I do not want to enter into technical criticism. You do not seem to understand that there is a profound difference in spirit between an army and a militia. Of course, your trained reserves of 1914 equaled and sometimes even surpassed the regular troops, but it was the regular troops that had trained them.'

'Yes,' repeated the man whose great-grandmother came from Touraine. 'An army is a profession, an idea; in a word, a religion.'

'Your compatriots,' I exclaimed, rather excited, 'reproach us, nevertheless, for possessing such huge military forces.'

'Surely you don't pay any attention to such everyday polemics. It seems to me that you are now falling into the same materialistic decline that you have so often accused us of. Politically, you are always talking about economic policy. And, as far as military matters are concerned, you are accumulating war materials and fortifications that you will hand over to novices. We Germans have our difficulties, but you must admit

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that we have never failed to understand, at least in the past thirteen years, the part that mysticism plays in mass movements.'

'Of course, but I should like to know toward what end you are unleashing these mystic forces. We French, whether you find us materialistic or not, are working for peace, but you . . .'

My three companions all started to reply at once, then stopped politely and finally gave the floor to the man who looked like a tobacco jar. 'We know,' said this curious person after some reflection, 'where we want to lead Germany. We want it to revive. We do not want war. For one thing, war is not within our present powers. Our only existing weapon is suffering and the energy born of suffering.'

'But you do not mean to congratulate yourself on this suffering.'

'Certainly not. But it exists and it is through this suffering that the humiliation of Germany is made evident to millions of Germans. It forms a part of the German consciousness.'

'But this suffering, this economic crisis—you can't hold France responsible for that. Was n't a similar crisis threatening you in 1913?'

'Perhaps; but what's the use of discussing the past? To-day the fact is that you are on the hilltops and we are in the valley. Whom do you expect us to pull by the legs if we want to revive little by little?'

'And after you have revived a little, what then?'

'Everything depends on the conditions offered to Germany.'

'At whose expense?'

'The fields of Touraine are more fruitful than those of the Spree,' murmured the man of mixed blood. 'To try to live is enough.'

We shook hands, I with a little sadness, they—I do not know. To many Germans the immediate difficulties of life are like waves to sailors. They feel it is futile to try to subdue them. They must get themselves into such a position that these waves will drive the boat forward.

The New Editor of 'Punch'

From the *Observer*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

ON FINISHING his first week in the editor's chair at *Punch*, Mr. E. V. Knox ('Evoe') talked to a representative of the *Observer* on the subject of English humor in general and *Punch* humor in particular, of his plans for the future, the differences of outlook that separate the humor of one age and one race from that of another, and hinted at a not-so-far-off time when comic papers may have nothing to be comic about. In spite of this last-named prospect, however, Mr. Knox is free from despair. He has been writing for *Punch* since 1906 (he is now fifty-one), and has

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seen a generation change its notions of fun completely yet still remain funny to those who remember a time when plumbers, policemen, and Irishmen provided the nation with most of its humor.

'It is difficult to say what changes, if any, will be made in *Punch* in the future,' said Mr. Knox. '*Punch* is an institution as well as a paper, and there are thousands of readers who would regard any changes, no matter how slight, with a sense of personal injury.'

'Do you contemplate allowing your authors—especially your new authors—to sign their contributions instead of hiding them to all but those "in the know" under the guise of initials and pseudonyms?'

'That is a point. There is no doubt that in the case of a humorous article the signature of a well-known humorist at once puts his readers into the right frame of mind. They know what to expect, and before they begin to read have already made up their minds that they are going to be amused. Only a bungler could fail after that. I have not yet made up my mind, however, whether this applies to *Punch*, though, if certain writers I am hoping to induce to write for us do so, I may break with tradition and sign their names in full.'

Mr. Knox is confident that the new generation is carrying on the English tradition of humor. 'There are several very bright young men writing for us,' he said, 'of whom I have great hopes. They are mostly from Oxford or Cambridge. What is wrong with the others who swamp us with manuscripts is that they are far too content to give us imitations of the work of other members of our staff, instead of sitting down and trying to be funny after their own fashion. They seem frightened that if they are not imitating "A. P. H." or "E. V. L." or "A. A." their contributions will not be accepted, whereas what we are always looking out for is humor that is entirely fresh, and not a mere echo of what others are usually able to do ever so much better. The problem of the amateur contributor to *Punch*—and by amateur I mean the writer who does not make writing his job—is an awkward one. I suppose we have more amateur contributors, or would-be contributors rather, than any other humorous paper in the world. They write to us from all parts of the world, from the Far East to the Far West. Civil servants, army and navy people, tea-planters, rubber-planters—they all seem to share the notion that, though writing may not be quite a man's job, writing for *Punch* is different. The trouble with this type of contributor is that though he has the material and the experience necessary to produce first-rate stuff, he usually can't write it, whereas the other would-be contributors at home can write but have nothing to say.'

'HOW WOULD you describe *Punch's* particular style of humor?'

'That is not at all as easy as it sounds. You might describe it as some-

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thing essentially of the upper middle-classes, if one has to use these dreadful categories. People occasionally charge us with Grundyism. By that I suppose they mean that we do not care to print jokes that no English newspaper would care to print. We may suffer from Grundyism, but if we do it is a complaint from which every newspaper in Britain suffers. If the British press were to publish, for instance, some of the jokes that the Stock Exchange thinks funny, they would soon find themselves being burned on the Stock Exchange.'

'What would you say was the most striking difference between the *Punch* of to-day and the *Punch* of Victorian times?'

'I should describe it simply as the difference between the upper middle-classes of to-day and the upper middle-classes of yesterday. People to-day are much more sophisticated, especially the *nouveau-riche* type from which *Punch* in the past has drawn so much of its humor. People seem to be taught everything now by salesmen, so that there is no possibility of their making *faux pas*. They may still drop their "H's," but that is no longer a laughing matter.

'This brings me to a point with which I think the editor of every humorous paper will agree. It is a rather dreadful prospect, but the fact is that the people comic artists used to make fun of—policemen, yokels, housemaids, Irishmen, Scotsmen, plumbers and their mates—are all much wiser and much more sophisticated than they used to be. They know too much about the ways of the world and how other people live to make the mistakes we used to think funny. There are, however, still the politicians, and the Bright Young Thing, who does not seem to have changed much—though she would probably hate to think so—since Leech's or Du Maurier's day. When these disappear—though I have hopes of eternal life for the politician in the pages of the comic journals—there will be no more humorous papers as we know them to-day.

'I believe, however, that some of the old jokes are still the best, and that jokes are often better for being old, provided, of course, that they are carefully handled. We may know what is coming, but we get our amusement from speculating as to how the dear old thing is going to come out in this particular version. That, for instance, is the secret of the great Scotch joke. It is as old as the mountains, but in a new dress it seems fresher than ever.'

Mr. Knox has no fears that English humor will be killed by the Americanization of the talkies and by certain American humorous papers that enjoy a wide circulation in England. 'The best American humor, such as that of Stephen Leacock, Don Marquis, and, in the old days, Bret Harte, is after all very much like our own. The other type is of such a mechanical nature that (after the novelty has worn off) it will appeal only to a race of people completely dominated by machines.'

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Tribute to Spinoza

By Joseph Chapiro

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

WHEN Ernest Renan made his classic address in Holland as the spokesman of the French intellectuals, commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of Spinoza's birth, he recalled that a famous philosopher had described the author of *Ethics* as 'that wretch.' He did not mention the fact that Malebranche was the philosopher in question, for he was ashamed of his compatriot. But even the great Leibnitz, who was asked by the friends of Spinoza to offer the unpublished posthumous manuscript of the *Ethics* to the library of the Duke of Hanover for 150 guilders, hesitated to comply with their request and expressed the same opinion of Spinoza that Malebranche had, though in milder language. Even Pierre Bayle, whom Voltaire regarded as a model of tolerance and wisdom, joined the chorus of disapprobation.

There was no group of believers, no philosophic school that did not attack Spinoza. The Jews, the Catholics, the Protestants, and even the followers of Descartes cursed his very name and called him an atheist, a renegade, a profaner, a pestilence, an emissary of hell. Nor did these rabid attacks cease with Spinoza's death. His unpublished writings were suppressed and eighty years later, in the mid eighteenth century, when the battle for tolerance was at its height, a bookseller was haled into court because he had sold a copy of Spinoza's forbidden works.

Persecution did not dim Spinoza's world-wide fame and even his poverty made no difference. He made a miserable living polishing lenses and doing occasional odd jobs until he died at the age of forty-five from the effect of glass dust on his lungs. But he was free in his poverty, and in order to enjoy his freedom he refused a position in the University of Heidelberg, just as he refused the income that Louis XIV offered him. And his fate never led him to fanaticism or intolerance. 'I have scrupulously endeavored,' he wrote at the end of his life, 'not to ridicule human activity, not to complain, not to abominate, but to understand.' He explained everything on the ground of human nature and expressed his ideas without undue gloom and in language that sometimes equals that of the Book of Psalms or the Song of Solomon.

It is in this respect that he is most conspicuously Jewish. Spinoza was so deeply saturated in the Hebrew language and its literature that he could never get away from them. Although he wrote in Latin he thought in Hebrew, and his expressions were neither Latin nor Dutch but Biblical.

In the way he expressed emotion, which is always reflected most

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clearly in one's language, Spinoza was Jewish through and through. But as a thinker he more nearly resembled the Greeks. Even his love of God was rational, an '*amor dei intellectualis*,' as he himself called it. But is n't this a contradiction in terms? To Spinoza nature and its laws were necessities. One can regard a necessity as wise and even marvelous, but the result is always resignation, never voluntary, self-abnegating love. Of course Spinoza took such delight in his doctrine of integral intellectualism that no other sensation in the world could yield him so much pleasure.

I have said that Spinoza's habits of mind were Greek because the Greeks discovered reason. But they always identified reason with some utilitarian purpose. Spinoza, on the other hand, raised himself to heroic selflessness and loved reason for its own sake. To Aristotle God meant some kind of purpose, and Plato crowned his vast temple of ideas with the idea of the good. But Spinoza's love of God was purely spiritual and therefore utterly nonutilitarian. To him understanding and will were identical; will could never transcend one's understanding of the subject. And, since determinism is the highest peak of understanding to which we can attain, man is not free, he does not depend on his own will, and there can be no such thing as *status in statu*, but only an atom in the cosmos in whose confusion man is swept away. His highest desire is therefore to transcend desire by observing the hierarchical laws of nature.

THUS this apparent renunciator, this devotee of the spirit renounces renunciation and completely rejects asceticism. This poor lens-polisher whose material estate fetched less than four hundred guilders, this delicate philosopher who loved solitude devoted all his powers to advocating sensual pleasure, to encouraging enthusiasm, which alone can lead man to supreme fullness of life and make him most aware of divine nature. 'To use things in such a way,' he says in his *Ethics*, 'and to enjoy them as much as possible—not, of course, to excess, for that is not enjoyment—that is the business of the wise man. I say that the wise man should take food and drink to nourish and strengthen himself and that he should enjoy sweet smells, flowers in bloom, elegance, music, military exercises, theatrical entertainments, and anything that does not hurt anybody else. This way of life is the best and most commendable from every point of view.'

Spinoza's morality is the morality of the free man. He admits that the vulgar person who is unable to comprehend such a liberating idea may gain transitory satisfaction from humility, contrition, and even superstition and in this way overcome his bad instincts and feel himself at one with nature. But such measures are only palliatives and constitute a morality for slaves. Herein Spinoza resembles Nietzsche, but, whereas

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Nietzsche says 'master,' Spinoza says 'free man.' This is the great difference between him and Nietzsche, although the latter was also a rationalist. For free men do not strive to rule, but to live among other free men. In the fourth part of his *Ethics* Spinoza speaks of the highest form of pleasure, of the pleasure of being at one with others, of the obligation to conciliate other people, and, finally, as he adds in a later work, of the obligation to merge one's self consciously with nature. Also of the duty of man to men and of humanity to the All. Spinoza was therefore forced to champion democratic principles and a form of state that would be a real *respublica*.

It is clear to what conclusions such a philosophy of unification must lead. Its influences are immeasurable even to-day. In every sphere it is the indomitable source of the modern critical spirit, which owes its beginnings to Spinoza. Without being a revolutionary, without taking an active part in politics, Spinoza shattered all political concepts by pure logical deduction; he discovered the unity of nature and through nature discovered the equality of man. Without being an atheist he shattered all religious teachings, again by means of his philosophy of unity.

Lucretius was an atheist who regarded the world as an accidental product. But Spinoza regarded it as a complete, unavoidable, and necessary creation, identical with God and therefore to be regarded as divine. Hence his conception of God differed from the usual one: as a pantheist he could not believe in the conventional Father in Heaven, he could not grant that God was carrying out any purpose, that there were any chosen people, any kings by divine right who were entrusted with the destinies of millions. But he discovered God in every blade of grass and every drop of water, and Novalis was right when he said that Spinoza was drunk with God. But since Spinoza believed in this indissoluble unity and in determinism he destroyed all dogmas of good and evil, he denied all the attributes that synagogues and churches claimed for themselves—he even denied the efficacy of prayer. Therefore we find him in every street and crossroad of modern thought and activity, in politics and in progressive theology, in criticisms of tradition and in attacks on the caste system.

To-day, when intolerance and the results of the War are opening wider and wider breaches between groups and nations, Spinoza's teachings have a new meaning and an immediate applicability. 'Peace,' he said in his stirring plea for freedom, 'does not consist in avoiding war, but in achieving unity and harmony of sentiment.' On his three-hundredth birthday Spinoza is more alive than ever.

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The author of *Night Flight*, a professional pilot in the French Aëropostal Service, tells about some of his adventures over North Africa and describes the emotions that they created in him.

PILOTS *of the* Air

By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY

Translated from *Marianne*
Paris Independent Weekly of the Left

ALTHOUGH there is a scandal in the Aëropostal Service, we must not forget that pilots still devote themselves to their difficult calling far from political and financial discussions. Airplanes are flying on the route from France to South America as well as on the route from Marseille to Algiers. Every day judicial hearings occur, but every day some pilot appears before another tribunal that is dramatic and important in quite a different way. He is given sacks of mail and human lives that he may have to defend a few hours later with more courage than one needs in an ordinary court, for he confronts single-handed a vast tribunal of storms, mountains, and seas, the three most common perils that the pilot of the line has to face.

I am not attempting to describe our whole work but simply wish to tell what is peculiar to our existence and why, if this network of elaborate air routes disappeared, we should feel that we were losing a special way of thinking, experiencing things, and passing judgment that we could not find anywhere else. This network represents a little, closed civilization whose language one cannot learn overnight.

When I think of my comrades I realize that if they were to vanish we should lose a fine human type, born of the conventions and customs of the air and subject to its special morality, which could never be completely replaced. I do not know whether carrying a sack of mail is worth the risk of a single human life, but no civilization seems to me to rest on very valid axioms. In my opinion, the important thing to know is whether or not life is enriched by accepting

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once and for all, and without discussion, a certain aggregate of values, and whether the man fashioned by these values is a fine human type or not.

II

When I joined the Aëropostal Service some years ago I felt that I was entering a monastery. On my first day I was given a little sermon about the courier, about the sacrifices he has to make, about how he must reach his destination, even though he has to fly through storms, and about the penalties that await him if he fails to do so. I learned that any delay is a dishonor, regardless of why it occurs.

Certain nations used to consign young widows to the flames. I imagine that in such countries wives attached great importance to the welfare of their husbands. Forgetting precisely why they felt this way, they thought that they loved their husbands profoundly and therefore really did love them.

In like manner, the pleasure we take in winning a reward or avoiding a penalty underlies our joy in triumphing over a storm. But we gradually forget exactly why we are happy and rejoice simply in having come through. We are not even able to make up our minds to take a detour without suffering remorse. Only the intensity that has come into our lives matters and has any meaning.

A revolver in Al Capone's pocket acquires a potentiality that it would lack if it belonged to an old philosopher, for in the latter case it would not really be the same revolver at all. Likewise, the landscape that we see is not the landscape of abstract cities, lifeless highways, and monotonous, checkerboard fields that our passengers find so boring. The moment one sets forth on a regular flight a powerful magic comes into existence. I know that I must reach my destination at all costs. The storm that I am about to meet does not seem like a theatrical backdrop. It will make demands on my muscles and present problems. Already I am considering it, measuring it, and feeling that we have a kind of language in common. Then I look down at the sea—whitecaps, west wind. I had been advised that the wind would be east, and this changes everything. The wind, the quality of the air, the clearness or obscurity of the horizon tell me about the approaching night. Will it be clear or murky? The question is a delicate one.

I see a mountain peak far away in the distance. I shall not reach it until an hour after nightfall. What will it look like? By moonlight it will be a buoy by which I can steer. But if the night is not clear it will be a dangerous reef, half concealed in darkness, though clearly indicated by the lights of surrounding villages. And if I have to navigate by compass, unable to see anything, the mountain will be animated by a strange vitality. I shall be afraid of a crash, whether I turn to the right or left, since I shall not know my drift. That mountain will fill the whole night with its menace, just as a single mine floating freely in the currents of the sea renders the whole ocean dangerous.

The face of the sea also varies. One or two comrades are drowned each year on the Marseille–Algiers line. To the pilot who flies over open water the sea ceases to be a spectacle and becomes a living body that is not always quite the same. In good weather

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it does n't amount to anything because a five-hour flight is not like crossing a whole ocean. But the pilot knows that when the waves are twelve or fifteen feet high a hydroplane will crash if it attempts to land, or, if it succeeds in alighting, will be unable to resist the assaults of the sea for more than half an hour. All through any storm the pilot is therefore flying over country as dangerous as if it were inhabited by hostile African tribes. It is a strange country, for the waves are seen from so high in the air they do not stand out in relief and the spray seems motionless. The sea looks like a broken mirror, and as long as the pilot is flying over it he is never certain of possessing for any length of time anything pertaining to this world.

III

The more necessity imposes some special language on us and multiples our relationships with the outer world, the more it enriches our life. Let me quote a curious example. At the end of 1927, on the Casablanca–Dakar line, we were flying over a part of the Sahara Desert where local tribes were making trouble in two old Bréguet airplanes of a type that dated back to the War and that had rather shaky motors. To-day we fly over the same region in perfect machines with modern engines. But those of my comrades who remember flying in the other machines still speak in a melancholy way of the good old Bréguet times. We regret the loss of a joy in living, a savor of certain things that we once experienced and that we cannot find any more. The flights of to-day seem dull in comparison. Although uncertain motors cost us dear in human life, they created close relationships between us and the regions over which we flew. The desert imposed itself on us with powerful reality. Islam ceased to be a remote religion with a special local color when you could hear its gunfire approaching you. It was a force struggling against your force. I might laugh at the blood feuds that divided families below me, but if the interpreter who accompanied me on my flight was a son of Izarguïn and we were flying over a Reguelbat encampment, I was forced to give some importance to blood feuds.

Even the sand that lay beneath me during my whole flight held converse with me, for if I had tried to land on it in the event of engine trouble I could not have been saved by airplane because both my own plane and the plane of anyone who attempted to rescue me would stick in the soft sand, and such an accident in that part of the world means captivity or death. Then there were certain barely perceptible differences of color that gave the desert a more varied aspect than Switzerland, in spite of all its glaciers, fields, and lakes.

But now the pilot simply flies over a white road, monotonous and homogeneous. The bonds that attached him to the desert have weakened and he feels as if the distance between him and the desert had increased. Though he may still remember the varying quality of the sand, his knowledge of the desert remains abstract. He distinguishes a field of rye from a field of wheat without the least emotion. He slowly forgets the language that permitted us to communicate with what lay below.

What we love above all else in our profession is certain aspects of the

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world that are frequently revealed to us. Aviation is something quite different from sport. Let me tell rapidly by way of explanation three memories I have of isolation and of excursions into the outposts of the real world.

IV

Two o'clock one morning a year ago I found myself above Rio de Oro, the Spanish portion of the Sahara, lost between a layer of sea fog below and a layer of clouds above. The radio telegrapher, Néri, who accompanied me could not get any reply from Cisneros, the Spanish fort toward which we were flying. Having gone far beyond the normal time that our flight required, we were reduced to circling about in obscurity, not even knowing whether we might not have drifted so far as to be flying over open sea. We knew only that there should be some clear sky over the peninsula of Cisneros, so that if we passed close enough to it we should be able to see the lighthouse there. We therefore wandered about searching for the light with only an hour's supply of gasoline left.

Suddenly, when we had almost given up hope, a point of light appeared on the horizon ahead of us and to our left. At once I steered toward it. Néri thumped his fists up and down with joy. I replied by increasing our speed. It could n't be anything but the Spanish lighthouse, for at night the whole Sahara becomes a dark, dead stretch of territory. I had nothing to do but to steer toward the luminous sign that brought us life. Nevertheless, it was not a lighthouse. The light glimmered and vanished. We had been steering for a rising star that had been visible on the horizon for ten minutes between the layers of fog and cloud. When that one strand of hope was broken I resumed my circular course in the void.

Then we began to see other lights appearing, and we focused our dull hopes on one after another. With beating hearts we embarked on each vital experience. 'Light ahead,' Néri announced by wireless. 'Extinguish your light and flash three times.' Then we would watch. 'The fellow won't wink an eye at us,' Néri wrote me. 'It is a star.'

I then felt as if, lost in interplanetary space, I were searching among a hundred deceptive stars for the one real planet, which, however, could not be distinguished from the others. 'Extinguish and flash three times,' Néri kept supplicating all the stars.

Only one of these stars, and it was almost lost, contained our familiar countryside, the houses of our friends, the fate that had already been prepared for us. It also contained, for silly details began coming to me, a certain bill that would never be paid, a certain supplicating letter that would never be answered—silly details, but one suddenly discovers that they form the basis of an entire human life.

What seemed most curious to me was that I did not feel that it was my own body which was fragile, but rather all the fresh, tender living things, all the friendships and affections that I had left behind me. My lack of prudence did not consist in venturing too far into the nothingness of a night flight but in not remaining among my own kind, participating in their life, watching over them like a shepherd, keeping them in touch with

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what is real. This was why this star was escaping me.

'Extinguish your light and flash three times.'

What joy filled us when a light from which we hoped for little replied. A few minutes later the beacon of the fog-bound lighthouse revealed that golden horn which no star possesses. We had only to guide ourselves by the network of red buoys that was now vaguely visible through the fog beneath us.

This was not sport, or the emotion that sport offers, but something quite different. What movements had I executed that were not just as habitual to me as walking? The only things we had to pay attention to were the compass, the calculation for drift, and the wireless apparatus. In this tiny world consisting only of our own red lights we were primarily absorbed in a mysterious kind of alchemy and we had been making experiments on the stars. It is not the physical aspect of flying that leaves its mark on one's consciousness and memory.

V

When Mermoz crossed the South Atlantic for the first time in a hydroplane he arrived at the tornado region at the close of day. In front of him he saw the tails of tornadoes gathering as if a great wall were being erected. Then night covered the scene and hid it from him. An hour later he entered the black mass of the first tornado. But he was whirled about with such violence that he extricated himself in order to pass around it. It was at that moment that he unexpectedly entered a fantastic world. Waterspouts that looked like the black, motionless pillars of a temple, widening at their extremities, seemed to support the low, sombre roof of the storm. But through fissures in this roof clear moonlight was shining. Shafts of light fell between the pillars upon the cold, slablike surface of the sea. For two hours Mermoz swerved from one area of light to another. He was so stupefied and felt so remote from the world during those two hours that after he had passed through the tornado area he realized he had not been afraid.

I remember another unusual incident. I had landed on one of those Saharan plateaus, shaped like truncated cones, which look like isolated vestiges of some larger plateau that vanished long ago. One keeps coming upon them, every hundred kilometres or so, all rising to the same height and all with the same smooth surface. These plateaus, which are made of identical material, are quite curious. The surface sand is entirely composed of tiny, distinct shells, but as the slope declines these shells become more broken up and tend to gather into hard groups. Finally, at the base of the plateau, they form a kind of friable white stone.

The Moors know little about mountains and the surface of these plateaus holds no interest for them. Since no European has ever gone the whole length of Rio de Oro I was certainly the first person to investigate this plateau, the sides of which were remarkably vertical. The virginity of this ground on which no foot of man or beast had ever trod moved me, and I lingered. The silence seemed all the more solemn because it had never been broken. When the first star started to shine I reflected that this white surface had remained exposed

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to the heavens for thousands of years. In short, I gave myself over to highly literary emotions and tasted a kind of solitude that was amplified by facile poetry.

But suddenly my dreams about the plateau and the clouds took on a special significance. I encountered a concrete object, a hard, black stone the thickness of a man's fist, petrified like lava and resting on a shell bed three hundred yards deep. A cloth spread out under an apple tree can receive only apples, and a cloth spread out under the stars can receive only star dust. No stone ever revealed its origin so clearly. Beneath my feet lay a layer of shells three hundred yards thick and these three hundred yards proved where the stone had come from.

As I raised my head I naturally thought that the celestial apple tree must have let drop other fruit, and that I should find them where they had fallen, since nothing could have disturbed them for thousands of years. Carried away by my adventure, I thus found one, two, three more, about one stone per hectare, and it was at this point that my literary adventure became almost magic, because I was enjoying the advantages of an amazing process of abridgment, because here was a stirring epitome of the thousands of years during which these stones had rained down from the skies.

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The completion of Charles Andler's six-volume study of Nietzsche places the author in the company of Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Renan as a great French historian of literature and of ideas.

A Frenchman *on* Nietzsche

By Edmond Jaloux

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

It seems to me that Charles Andler's magnificent work on Nietzsche has not received the wide audience that it deserves. How often in the past ten or fifteen years have I heard writers complain that people were interested only in novels and that not enough attention was paid to critical writing. And now a critic produces a first-rate piece of work that enriches our whole intellectual patrimony and he is greeted with almost complete silence.

M. Andler's *Nietzsche* demands something more than polite attention. It ranks with Abbé Henri Bremond's *History of Religious Sentiment in France* as one of the two finest examples we have of contemporary French criticism. It is a series of volumes such as we French alone can write, a series that bears the seal of our national genius. Unfortunately, our most characteristic traits are usually revealed in utterly mediocre form and are rarely recognized when they appear in books of wide scope. It should also be remembered that Charles Andler's six-volume study of Nietzsche began appearing in 1920. Each volume has from four to six hundred pages and all of them demand close attention. But it is difficult to conceive of a clearer, fuller work, or one with sharper perspectives and greater variety of detail.

Anyone attempting to evaluate French and German critical genius could not do better than to compare Charles Andler's Nietzsche with the Nietzsche of Ernst Bertram. Their methods are so different, their points of view so unlike, that instead of contradicting each other they make us glad that the human intelligence can express itself in such different forms.

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Bertram entitled his book *Search for a Mythology*. It is one of those vast, synthetic constructions devoted to making a very representative human figure into an allegorical, heroic idea lacking any element of accident. Bertram's book is critical, lyrical, almost religious, and incomparably majestic.

While recognizing the merits of this method, Charles Andler reminds us that this mythical attitude toward literary history is rather arbitrary. But it has as much right to existence as the way our own author refashions Nietzsche's history from within, never abandoning anything to luck and comparing Nietzsche's work to his life in such a way that every movement of Nietzsche's thought, every modification of his system, every growth of his philosophy is immediately identified with its original surroundings, traced back to its sources, fastened to the most delicate fibres of his sensibility and experience. I also believe that anyone who had not read Andler's book would find Bertram's book incomprehensible, for Bertram prolongs Andler's vision and develops it in a sphere that Andler refuses to enter.

What I like in Andler's interpretation is the importance he attaches to what might be called the Nietzschean milieu. I use the word 'milieu' in two senses, intellectual and human. However prophetic, unexpected, and novel any great man may be, he nevertheless draws from around him, from the atmosphere in which he moves, if not his theories, at least his apprehension of certain phenomena of intellectual and moral life that he was the first man to grasp as a whole, although, before his time, they had floated nebulously in the air that he breathed. Nietzsche's relationships with his contemporaries were often difficult, partly because of his own intolerance and partly because of the crystal purity of his spirit, yet his theories were echoed round about him, though he never had any real disciples.

Charles Andler shows us more than one person who chanced to fall in Nietzsche's way and who almost understood him. They were heroic young intellectuals for whom no other reality existed than the development of human thought. These reactions of Nietzsche upon his comrades and of certain philosophers upon himself are described in chapters that should be carefully studied.

One of these men was Erwin Rohde, the author of a fine book entitled *Psyche* on the cult of the soul among the Greeks and on their belief in immortality. Another was the sad, delicate Heinrich von Stein, who may have acted as an emissary from Wagner's friends after the break, when they were trying to reconcile Parsifal and Zarathustra, and who died alone and very young in a Bayreuth hospital in June 1887. He wrote some rapid dramas dealing with subjects that had interested Nietzsche in his early life. Paul Rée is better known in France, as is Mme. Lou Andréas-Salomé. If I have any criticism to make of Andler's book it is that it tends to underestimate the friendship between Nietzsche and Mme. Andréas-Salomé and their break. But Mme. Lou Andréas-Salomé, who, by a singular coincidence, was one of Nietzsche's last friends and the first friend of Rainer Maria Rilke, is still alive, and the documents she possesses have not all been made public. Hence the

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very noticeable gap in Charles Andler's monumental study.

II

The problem of ancient Greece was one that constantly troubled what I shall call the Nietzschean milieu. This problem presented itself socially, metaphysically, and dramatically. M. Andler's first volume, on Nietzsche's precursors, shows how much Nietzsche owes to the great pre-Socratic philosophers—Empedocles, Anaximander, Parmenides, and, in particular, Heraclitus, who seems to have been one of the five or six most brilliant geniuses in all human history. Many critics have traced Nietzsche's theory of eternal recurrence as well as some other characteristic ideas back to Heraclitus and the Eleatics. Contemplating many problems, Nietzsche felt that the most important of them all was the origin of tragedy, and to that he devoted an important book. He always believed that, of all forms of human thought, Greek tragedy was the most important, the richest, and the most mysterious, both in its origin and in its purpose. He violently opposed the theories of Aristotle, who regarded tragedy as those episodes in human history that give rise to terror and pity.

The fact is that there was little terror or pity in Greek tragedy. Rather was it a special form of exaltation that tended simultaneously to strengthen the emotional powers and energy of man and to deliver him from phantoms that had preyed upon him by projecting them outside himself. We in France, under the influence of our classical authors, have developed a sweeter conception, one so sweet, in fact, that we regard our tragedies as having been written merely to divert a royal court. We no longer pay homage to the superhuman significance of Corneille and Racine, but follow the example of Renan and do violence to the Greek spirit. Ignoring Greek civilization itself, we regard it as what would have been the summit of French civilization if the French had attained perfection. The real origins of Greece are too much obscured by tragic mystery, its mythology is too ferocious and elemental, and its great myths are too full of despair for us to accept the Greek spirit as that elegant, æsthetic moderation that we now mistake for the real thing. Nietzsche, with surer tread, went back to the original, and by discovering an abyss of melancholy, aspiration, and nervous excitement in the beginnings of the Greek world he certainly came closer to the truth than anybody else.

There is no doubt that Nietzsche had an influence on Richard Wagner, who believed that his mission was to give modern man the equivalent of Greek tragedy. This certainly explains why Wagner peopled his dramas with divinities from German and Icelandic myths and with Celtic incarnations of Christian mystics.

I shall say nothing here of the friendship between Wagner and Nietzsche and the break that followed. Its history is familiar. Everyone knows that when Nietzsche felt madness overtaking him in Genoa, one of his last gestures was to send a telegram to Cosima Wagner reading simply, 'Ariadne, I love you,' and signed 'Dionysus.' Thus Cosima Wagner discovered an immense love that she had perhaps suspected but that Nietz-

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sche himself did not reveal until general paralysis had weakened his faculties of control. This revealing message brings us face to face with the final phenomenon in the life of Nietzsche, who tried to possess within himself the spirit of Dionysus and the spirit of Christ, who believed that he incarnated first one and then the other, and who thought that he could reconcile them.

In the sixth and last volume of *Nietzsche, sa vie et sa pensée*, Andler emphasizes the rôle that Christ played in Nietzsche's thought. Nietzsche's ideas on Christ always remained rather delicate. Though he detested Christianity because it propagated the slave morality that he thought condemned the world about him, there always existed what Andler calls 'a secret intimacy between himself and the gentle rabbi of Galilee.' 'At the moment when Nietzsche felt furthest away from Christ,' Andler adds, 'that is, when he was writing *Zarathustra*, he still spoke of Him with infinite respect and fraternal love.' 'Nietzsche,' says M. Andler again, 'often regretted that the primitive group of apostles did not include a Dostoievski able to describe those men and women of the people, of whom more than one was a neurotic or outright criminal, and, finally, to depict the Master Himself in the centre, the most interesting decadent of them all. He regarded Jesus as a kind of Oriental Prince Mishkin, better endowed, but possessing the same kind of constitution as the gentle epileptic depicted in Dostoievski's *Idiot*. The seductiveness of his words and gestures must have been completely pure and powerful—and his art of reading people's hearts must have been penetrating, though it was combined with an inability to grasp reality. Souls made to suffer have an instinctive hatred of the external world. They fear the slightest contact with it. They try to abolish the sentimental distances that separate people and give rise to injury. They take refuge in the impalpable, in an interior region where nothing moves and everything is eternal.'

But Nietzsche, too, had a soul made for suffering and, on the whole, as his vision of a superhuman future proves, he clung to the antique fiction of a golden age or to that Jewish-Christian mirage of paradise that is merely another version of the dream of the golden age.

Further on, Charles Andler says, 'he announces that we shall not possess eternal life by seeking for it. It is within us. He does not predict it because it is completely actual. The glad tidings are that there is no distance between man and God. Beatitude is not something that is promised to us. We are bathed in it. It alone is real.'

III

According to Nietzsche, Saint Paul began deforming Christianity, which finally became a morality of slaves and omnipotent priests whose rôle was to terrify man in order to extort his servile obedience. When Saint Paul emerged two things disappeared—faith in the high culture of antiquity and self-mastery, the belief that a man is so pure and strong that he can act on his own judgment and not abase himself by accepting fanatically the crazy myths of a blind mob or of the semi-slaves who direct that mob in fear and trembling as they shelter themselves behind their own irre-

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sponsibility. In this connection M. Andler observes that it is unfortunate that Nietzsche did not know the immense ethnographic discoveries that have now been made about primitive religion. Then he would not have made the religions of Israel and Christianity responsible for a state of affairs that arises directly from primitive mentality. For the first priests and the first kings simply performed the rites of a religion that was already popular; they did not invent those rites as methods of government.

'The religious fact that Nietzsche knew best,' Andler continues, 'because he had experience with it himself, was mystical vision. The kernel of every great religion is the testimony of mystics who perceive during a fit of ecstatic inspiration a new relationship between themselves and the essence of the world. It does not matter whether the founder of such a religion is promoted to the rank of god. Priesthood comes afterward. It knows how to coin, make acceptable, and put into circulation the moral treasures discovered by the superior soul. It builds its temples to new gods, never forgetting to make the offerings of the faithful flow into its own coffers. But perhaps such behavior occurs in other spheres of activity, too. In our own time republics were founded in a great burst of democratic faith. But this has not spared us from demagogues who have compromised the republic and sharp-witted fellows who have exploited it. Nietzsche's hatred for priests arises from his contempt for sacristans who cash in on the direct inspiration of great visionaries.'

I cannot agree with Charles Andler's interpretation of what Nietzsche called the recrudescences of the Christian epidemic, meaning the Reformation, the French Revolution, democracy, and socialism. These things have led to the present state of decadence, which Nietzsche felt was the end of civilization. Contemplating the modern world, he was overwhelmed with a confused sense of general nihilism. This term 'nihilism' he borrowed from essays on contemporary psychology by Paul Bourget, who had a great influence on Nietzsche's thought, and M. Andler is quite right in insisting that this influence is not sufficiently recognized. The nihilism of his time made Bourget demand a return to Catholicism. Nietzsche, on the other hand, wanted to create new values beyond socialism to bring mankind new energy and magnificent wisdom. He foresaw and desired the superman. First of all, he said, we must conceive of a universe that can give us virile consolation.

'That is the reassuring possibility which the idea of eternal recurrence brings us,' writes Charles Andler, 'and it was supposed to supersede nihilism in the eyes of those who believe in their own value. It is up to us to make sure that the idea of eternal recurrence is universally accepted. In order to accomplish this we must impose on science principles that will automatically establish the validity of eternal recurrence, for we are masters and can decide the first postulates of science. Since the infinite passage of time will see our existence recreated just as it was before, we rest in the lap of universal forces as in a cradle. We shall be swept away by cosmic powers like the mythological children who are put to sea in baskets of reeds and always land at the predestined spot. Our only occupation under such conditions is to

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choose the quality of our soul, to decide what conforms to our profound essence. We should translate our choice into action with the universe as our accomplice.'

IV

Charles Andler then examines the renaissance of wisdom, the new skepticism, the value of sensory knowledge, the value of rational principles, and the value of scientific knowledge. After this he touches upon the creative evolution of values, passing from inorganic matter to organic life and thence to psychic life. Finally, we confront the possibility of creating whatever human type we may select. But all these things are merely approaches and means to ends. We must arrive at the great problem, the renaissance of art and tragedy. Nietzsche recognized that art emanated from emotional and psychological states, the principal one being intoxication. And one of the most magnificent forms of intoxication is the intoxication of love. It is through love that man achieves artistic creation.

'Every artistic creation,' says Charles Andler, interpreting Nietzsche's theories, 'has its roots in love and in the quality of the amorous vision. The artistic instinct draws sustenance from the capacity for love that flows in the blood. Impregnated by the poison of love, we evoke the images we desire. Beauty is the daughter of a sublimated sensuality that evaporates in dreams. As a man in love divines the virtues of the woman he desires, so the artist clothes the images born of his intoxication with everything that he venerates and loves. The objects that fall from his hands or lips, whether they are statues, paintings, melodies, or words, reflect his purest interior quality.'

Perhaps, therefore, a new tragedy will be born, surpassing that of the Greeks, of the French seventeenth century, and of Goethe. All previous forms of tragedy were subject to the exterior and the accidental. Nietzsche, however, believed that the highest tragic themes have not yet been discerned. 'Who has made a poem of the hundred tragedies of knowledge?' he inquired. The highest form of civilization will perhaps also be achieved. Nietzsche believed that Napoleon opened a classic era of battle and felt that we might witness several centuries of scientific, popular warfare. But Europe out of her labors may some day bring forth a new race whose masters will leave to the working classes the old dead religions—calm Buddhism, pure Christianity, wise Epicureanism—and will defend themselves with science against the errors of chance, abandoning themselves in a Dionysiac delirium to the idea of eternal recurrence and consequently to the dazzling revelation that eternity exists in the passing moment.

That will be the life of the superman, which represents a kind of Greek synthesis. But this prophecy of Nietzsche's arises from the same dream of communion with the universe that we find underlying belief in the golden age and in paradise. We see, quite clearly to what an extent Nietzsche, who was so often accused of being destructive and skeptical, was really fanatically constructive. He was a poet of revelation whose most profound wish was to create a new mysticism, an atheistic mysticism, in another form with another name.

In fighting against Christian the-

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ism, Nietzsche was fighting against that mechanistic tendency that characterized Descartes and the Reformation. In taking up the cudgels for the Greek spirit, he fought passionately against Judaism, which had permeated the most important part of the world for two thousand years. What Nietzsche really wanted was to have the spirit of joy return to earth. Here, however, I simplify too much. And his interpreter describes something quite different. This different thing you will find pathetically and magnificently summed up in the ten concluding pages of Andler's final volume and in the moving preface to Volume IV, *The Maturity of Nietzsche to His Death*. Here M. Andler shows that Nietzsche was heir to the great pre-Socratic philosophers and to the genius of the Renaissance. In his opinion, Nietzsche's morality is summed up in the advice to be the poets of our own lives. Luther, at certain moments, foresaw what the author of *Zarathustra* wanted, as when he said, 'We are facing the dawn of the future life and are beginning to regain knowledge that we lost through the sin of Adam.'

In conclusion Charles Andler gives Nietzsche credit for having opened up for us the pathway toward a new sensibility, though the task of psychological and social reconstruction that he attempted is not reserved for any one man. The universal effort that such labor demands will obliterate more than one of Nietzsche's own teachings, but in these future labors Nietzsche will be present none the less. 'The humble reward of the historian is to think that in making Nietzsche better understood he is preparing the way for a line of action that has not yet begun.' When this action begins no one will forget the revealing and lucid rôle that Charles Andler has performed.

V

The strongest objection brought up against Nietzsche is this. Does his teaching form a philosophy, a system, or simply a group of tendencies, reflections, suggestions, ideas, Utopias? Charles Andler answers this question in the introduction to Volume III, *Nietzsche's Æsthetic Pessimism*. A philosophy can exist without necessarily implying the existence of a system. 'The philosophical unity of a new thought builds itself up slowly, like life itself, and does not tolerate death. Advocates of tradition are more fond of demanding rigorous logic than anything else. They want their intellectual structures to be so solid that change cannot prevail against the ossified ideas they have inherited. During the Middle Ages one acquired slight merit by constructing a solid philosophy because Aristotelian logic had already provided the mould into which religious faith was poured.'

Friedrich Nietzsche opposed any such effort to inclose his own ideas in a mould that had no outlets and often no air. 'There is,' said Nietzsche, 'a charlatanism of systematic spirits. In trying to set up a system without holes in it, in trying to draw their own horizons, these spirits force themselves to display their feeblest qualities in just the same way that they display their strongest ones. They try to give themselves airs as well-rounded temperaments of homogeneous force.' He therefore preferred that his own philosophy should be built up

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within himself, cell by cell like a living organism, while he himself was developing, growing, and enriching his ideas with experience.

Nietzsche borrowed his method of composition and expression from the French moralists. But, in spite of his Latin affinities, it was almost impossible for him to master the clear, artistic form that he loved and admired above everything else. His aphorisms are extended maxims. They are overcharged, sometimes leaning too much toward lyricism, sometimes advancing with massive, ideological progression, often written impatiently in an irritable, nervous style with certain words underlined to give them special significance and exceptional weight. These mistakes a French moralist would never commit. The best method is always the briefest.

In his first volume, Charles Andler carefully notes the extent to which our great moralists influenced the author of *Zarathustra*—Montaigne, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Fontenelle, Chamfort, and Stendhal. After establishing the fact that Nietzsche, in spite of his seemingly fragmentary qualities, nevertheless developed three different orders of thought, or at least three different periods in his philosophy, Charles Andler enumerates them as follows. First, the period of romantic pessimism, from 1869 to 1876. During these years Nietzsche remained faithful to the genius of Schopenhauer and Wagner. He tried to reconcile his own veiled tendencies with the attitudes of superior men toward heroism, holiness, and intuition in genius. Secondly, the period of skepticism, from 1876 to 1881. During this period he discovered the French moralists, cut himself loose from his former idols, and sought for truth above everything else, no matter how terrible it might be when contemplated face to face. Finally, there was the third period, that of construction, from 1882 to 1888. During this period Nietzsche renounced his search for abstract truth and returned to the values of stimulation. By virtue of a voluntary and instinctive love of life, he discovered a kind of dynamic truth. And over and above this Charles Andler recognized that there were two great crises of inspiration during Nietzsche's life, two supreme moments when he attained the highest peaks of self-realization. What is any system worth compared with such crises in a genius's development, crises that upset a destiny and a philosophy?

Postscript

A Conversation with M. Andler

By Frédéric Lefèvre

'Would you explain to our readers something about Nietzsche's two crises of inspiration? Have they anything to offer to modern man, to guide him in his action and rule his spiritual life? The first we are familiar with. That came to him when he met Wagner. But of what did the second inspiration, containing the two separate illuminations of *Zarathustra*, consist?'

'*Zarathustra* contains the revelations of eternal recurrence and of the superman. Let me say that I do not believe in eternal recurrence. It is not scientifically impossible but it is enormously unlikely and the chances against it are almost infinite. Eternal recurrence remains a symbol that one should meditate upon for the salutary

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effect it provides. What do we suffer from? By what are we chiefly enslaved? By our inability to destroy the past from which we have emerged and our inability to destroy the force of gravity.

'Nietzsche believed that his theory of eternal recurrence would emancipate us from our past, and his theory of matter led him to believe that at some future time, aided by new physical theories, we should master the force of gravity. Eternal recurrence assumes that time does not flow in a straight line, as had always been supposed, but that it is a curve that returns to itself. This being so, the actions of every living person return perforce along the thread of time through the region that we call the past back to the region where his ancestors resided. This is a Buddhist conception. We therefore make our own past, which is determined by our smallest actions, and our fathers become our sons.

'As for the constitution of matter, Nietzsche knew Boscovich's theory and all the theories of matter between Boscovich and William Thomson. He suspected the existence of what physicists later called ions and electrons. He recognized the radiating qualities of matter and believed that matter itself would some day be reduced to energy. Hence we shall be able to master the force of gravity by destroying with other currents the currents emanating from matter itself. We shall understand the levitation of Buddha and shall perhaps be able to escape the confines of our world and visit distant stars or make them come to us. This subject is dealt with more than once in *Zarathustra*, notably in "The Point of Interrogation."'

'And the superman?'

'This idea arose from a revelation Nietzsche experienced near Rapallo on the shore of the Peninsula of Portofino. Here Nietzsche saw Zarathustra appear and learned from him his last system, which included the mystery of the superman. This last system was set forth in *Beyond Good and Evil*, *The Genealogy of Morals*, *The Twilight of the Idols*, and the huge mass of aphorisms entitled *The Will to Power*.'

'If we reduce this fourth system to its essentials what was Nietzsche's thought?'

'Every civilization has been created by a race of masters, by an invasion of tawny blonds who quickly conquered weaker races and enslaved them. That always has been and always will be. The masters create a morality of their own, a warlike, bloody morality that is also the prime source of generous chivalry and refined aristocracy. This has occurred among the Greeks, the Japanese, the Celts, and the French aristocracy of the *ancien régime*. While creating its own morality this aristocracy also creates its own gods, who stand as symbols and images of its morals.

'The subject race also has its morality, a morality of immobility, or, if the slaves begin to revolt, a morality of equality, of equalitarian revenge and social revolution. The process began in Asia Minor, where the big cities were inhabited by humiliated, suffering plebeians who invented a god for themselves, the Crucified One, and this god was propagated in Europe in a most regrettable fashion as a result of cross-breeding between the slave and master races. The conquering races lost their assurance and at the same time the inferior races,

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with their corrupt blood, transmitted their disastrous beliefs to the aristocratic classes. This went so far that every time an attempt was made to restore the heroic aristocracy that had inspired great philosophy and works of art it was at once ruined by an appeal to the servile instincts and beliefs that had penetrated the souls of the conquerors.'

'That was what Nietzsche called decadence?'

'Precisely. The Italian Renaissance was destroyed by Luther because the Reformation was a sudden revival of the old Hebrew malady. The French aristocracy was corrupted by the philosophy of Spinoza and Pascal and overthrown by the French Revolution. Since then everything that has followed—democracy, social revolution, and even the whole philosophy of romantic art, above all the art of Wagner—is the fruit of Christian equalitarian corruption.'

'What will the end be?'

'We are headed for a final upheaval of everything, one last disaster, a revolution so powerful and bloody that we cannot imagine it. This is what Nietzsche called European nihilism. He foresaw Bolshevism precisely, although he never believed that it would originate in Russia. He thought it would be born in Western Europe. Nietzsche wanted this cataclysm. He believed that a new master class selected by his own philosophy and by the new science and biology that were being born would emerge triumphant from this enormous revolution. Such a revolution would have to be violent to permit this new caste to gain control.'

'But was n't Nietzsche's last word an appeal to meditate, to discover one's self in solitude?'

'That was not his last word, but his first one, and we must always return to it. The universe revolves around several great, silent thoughts that move "on the feet of doves." A few solitary thinkers create the system of values that will later inspire men of action of every degree. Nothing in the world is more active or actual than meditation, for it teaches us values capable of setting up hierarchies of thought, emotion, and action, and, consequently, the hierarchy of man himself. This is one of those portions of Nietzsche's system that are understood least, especially by professional philosophers, who forgot that Nietzsche did not advance a new catechism but invited us to create for ourselves the system of values to which we should dedicate our lives.'

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A sympathetic French critic praises the German cinema as the best in the world and explains how it symbolizes the character of the whole German nation.

The German CINEMA

By Louis Chéronnet

Translated from *Le Crapouillot*
Paris Literary Monthly

When we recall the various phases that the German cinema has undergone in the past twelve years, from *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* to *Kuhle Wampe*, we realize that we are surveying something more than a singularly attractive panorama of varied production and are gaining a kind of symbolic vision that reveals the evolution of a whole people. This vision, which has its metaphysical and poetic constants, which always acts in accordance with certain fundamental tendencies, and which is subject to congenital psycho-physiological complexes, begins with a legendary cycle and terminates with a revolutionary expression of social aspirations.

Here is the explanation of the overpowering humanity of the German cinema. Unquestionably no other nation has had so many epithets applied to its moving pictures. German films have in rapid succession been characterized as cubist, expressionist, fantastic, naturalistic, romantic, Freudian, and so on. In the opinion of the public nothing can be more fatal to any production than for it to fall into such classifications, for they hamper the critical spirit. Yet this evolution offers the only justification for the existence of the German cinema, which has endeavored to take command of ideas, rhythm, and light and discipline them. And in order to accomplish this it has attempted all kinds of experiments and sought for constantly fresh æsthetic expressions.

The American cinema is life in movement; the Russian cinema is the propagation of an idea; the French cinema, except for the work of a few people like Clair, Gance, Tourneur, and Feyder, is generally concerned with making money. Only the German cinema is real art in the best and worst senses of the word. Remember that I do not mean that it is artistic; I mean that it possesses a will to art.

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It ignores ingenuity. All its productions show artistic premeditation or transposition.

Because the German cinema is penetrated with humanity and art it has achieved perfect unity and remarkable variety. It is total and complete. It possesses a kind of universality. It does not shy away from any subject or any theme or any style. It touches everything without fear of ridicule. It has moved from fabrication to nature, from romanticism to naturalism, from individualism to mass psychology. It has dabbled with vampires and operettas.

It has only one point of inferiority, one eccentric weakness—it lacks *esprit* in the French sense of the word. The light, imaginative touch is absent. Ariel never inspires it. By way of proof I need only point to the *Thirteen Trunks of Mr. O. F.*, in which the director embellished a philosophic, satiric story like Jules Romains's *Donogoo* with heavy variations similar to those in James Cruze's *Jazz*. Nevertheless, this heaviness, which seems out of place in such diverting surroundings, disappears as soon as music inspires or supports the action. The rhythm miraculously grows lighter and takes a livelier turn. A spirited thread of melody makes our laughter less gross, and the treatment becomes more delicate. Even in the days of silent pictures musical effects refreshed such traditional theatrical presentations as *The Waltz Dream*. Sound pictures merely completed the process. *The Road to Paradise* was a real cinematic operetta that opened a new road to youth and freshness, and *Congress Dances*, a fairy story full of clever effects, possessed real delicacy in spite of certain shortcomings.

But the German screen has always been most eager to develop three principal themes over and over again, treating them in the most varied forms, mingling them and contrasting them. They are specifically ethnical themes and show us an exact reflection of the national soul. The first is the cult of metaphysical intelligence; the second, respect for the social man; the third, veneration of the human body, both in the plastic sense and as a principle of generation. It is therefore not at all astonishing to see German films constantly refreshing themselves with new life from the animating springs of legend, with all that they contain of cerebral mysticism, dreams, and philosophic expression. It is likewise natural that such motion pictures should possess a thoroughly gregarious spirit leading to the glorification of caste and discipline and that they should depict sexuality in its most intense form and with all its aberrations and strange shapes, such as nudism.

We also see the greatest stars becoming nothing but concrete types of these three manifestations of a characteristic national temperament. Conrad Veidt symbolizes thought, brain, torment, madness; Jannings stands for the passivity of the average man filling his assigned place in the masses; and, finally, Brigitte Helm and Marlene Dietrich represent the disturbing, mysterious appeal of sex, the type of woman with something diabolic about her.

The sets used by German producers are not designed to give the illusion of truth but to create the total impression of a hypertruth, of a truth that exists in the absolute. The director does not allow the actors to behave as they please. He hems them in, sur-

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rounds them, and moves them about by concentrating them relentlessly. He creates atmosphere to the point of suffocation. Certain arbitrary intellectual creations of this kind give the unmistakable impression that air is lacking. But the sets more than compensate for any stuffiness because they provide the background for black and white symphonies of light—magical, profound, unparalleled. Without their sets what would *Caligari*, *Metropolis*, or *The Groschen Opera* be, to mention but three typical examples? And how can one forget the importance of the background in a legend like *The Death of Siegfried*, in a tale of horror like *Nosferatu*, or in romantic films like *The Three Lights* and *The Student of Prague*? The sets might be said to resemble a landscape in that they are synthetic. They achieve a state of soul, a state of film soul, even when pushed to extremes.

II

To a certain extent the same theory can also be applied to many realistic films in which the directors abandon their stylized sets, assemble the most minute, accurate details of a petty-bourgeois background, and accumulate all the accessories of daily life, not neglecting a single detail that suggests familiar mediocrity. Such closed vessels compress within themselves all the explosive power of Freudian discoveries and all the most sexual complexes.

Certain films adopt both styles. In *The Street* the exteriors are impressionistic and the interiors realistic. In addition to the rococo exoticism of certain films and the legendary romanticism of others, there are also banal, everyday productions that are just as moving and just as rich in appeals to our imagination. The dramatic action in such films can never escape from the stuffy little apartments that are depicted in *The Night of Saint-Sylvestre*, *The Rail*, *Crisis*, *Nju*, and *Banker Pichler*, any more than the plot of *Faust* can avoid diabolism or the plot of *Torgus* do without nightmares.

Understood in this way, the street and the city become inseparable elements in the drama. They cannot be regarded as back drops. And the social milieu assumes a primary rôle, becomes an inherent part of the plot, and conditions the individual in such a way that without it existence seems impossible. In *Hypocrisy*, a little provincial town, in the *Street without Joy* and *Pavements of Berlin*, the streets of the metropolis (they are treated quite differently in these two pictures), and in *Baruch*, *The Last Man*, and *Variety*, social conditions impose themselves despotically on the characters. The whole drama remains dominated by fate, whether it has some sexual complexity or moral decadence as its basis.

Real, unadorned nature, in so far as it fills the heart with lyrical enthusiasm and arouses Nietzschean emotions, plays a determining part in the march of events since it liberates, exalts, and purifies passion. *The Symphony of a Big City* was the first film that carried to their absolute limits the effective powers of decoration and background. In depicting a simple succession of scenes without any hero or any action it offered the most dramatic vision possible of suffering humanity.

But we must linger over *Variety*, which I have already mentioned. When *Variety* appeared an important

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change occurred in the whole technique of the German cinema. The cameraman learned to move about. He showed the actors from every side, following them as they moved, and he invented all kinds of ingenious angles of vision, never remaining motionless. The result was that walls seemed to recede and horizons to grow wider. But no real change had occurred. *Cadets* and *Mädchen in Uniform* reverted to hierarchy and to the established order. *The Groschen Opera* and *Kuhle Wampe*, the one depicting a fabulous parody in an artificial chiaroscuro, the other achieving a masterpiece of documentary precision, merely revealed to us a miserable class stuffed with ideology, attempts at disciplined revolt, and organized masses demanding collective liberation. *The March to the Sun*, a nudist nature film, takes us out of doors and under the most simple circumstances shows that all the German people need fresh air. Whether the German director is depicting political events or the evolution of morals his problem remains the same. He amplifies everything and changes nothing.

If we take a final glance at all these films we shall see that the last of the three themes mentioned above tends to dominate the two others and is closely intertwined with the essence of each film, giving every production a specific flavor and special accent that cannot be found anywhere else. I refer to the underlying sensuality that keeps recurring in the most diverse forms, sometimes in a primary and sometimes in a secondary capacity. It lies behind the vampirism of *Nosferatu*, and the provincial morals of *Hypocrisy* are merely a mask for it. One keeps running upon it in the dance halls and night clubs. It takes the form of prostitution in *The Tragedy in the Street*. It renders men powerless in *The Blue Angel* and *Variety*. Psychoanalysis treats it seriously in *The Mystery of a Soul*. It touches the abnormal in *Mädchen in Uniform*. It intrudes everywhere. It is an anxious perversity that faces problems stealthily, not healthily, even when nude bodies are freely displayed beneath the sun or photographed in the interests of science. And it appears most definitely in sex-education films that are never passed by the censor in France but that Berlin has eagerly devoured for many years.

A Frenchman out for a good time is gay because he is sincere and unequivocal. A line of American girls' legs has a certain athletic aspect, with, of course, some *arrière-pensées*. But the German taste for lace drawers, black stockings rolled against flashing calves, white underwear seen for a second or laid out in public, that appetite for bare flesh revealed in quick, knowing gestures, that propensity for showing men in their shirtsleeves and garters, or with their suspenders unfastened—all these representations of shamefaced repression, all these reminders of our subservience to the flesh cannot help arousing in us a certain uneasiness and sadness. That is why nothing seems closer to us, to our own secret ego, to the intimacy of our body, our heart, and our soul, than the German film, which is so profoundly identified with the condition of man and so pathetically subject to all his petty vices and individual conceits, which is so devoted to all the laws of society, which suffers such a passion for humanity, and which is always seeking escape by art or revolution.

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Kipling's outpost of Empire and Keyserling's wonderland are equally remote from this three-dimensional, five-sensational India of a French barbarian.

A Barbarian *in* INDIA

By HENRI MICHAUX

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*
Paris Literary Monthly

I KNOW twenty different capitals, but Calcutta is the most crowded of them all. Imagine a city composed exclusively of monks—seven hundred thousand of them. Seven hundred thousand other people—the women of the city—live indoors, but they don't count for as much as the men and they do not walk abroad. You are always surrounded by men. The impression is extraordinary.

A city composed exclusively of monks. The Bengali is a born monk and all monks except the very young ones, who are carried, go on foot. Everybody is a pedestrian. They fill the street as well as the sidewalk. Tall and narrow, without hips, without shoulders, without gestures, without laughter. Peripatetic and professorial.

Their costumes vary. Some are almost naked, but a real monk is always a monk. The naked ones are perhaps the most dignified. Some are clothed in robes with two skirts trailing behind, others have only one skirt. Their robes are mauve, rose, green, wine-colored, and white. Extremely numerous, they are calm, sure of themselves, magnetically sincere, and they have attained the kind of impudence that is achieved by sitting cross-legged meditating on religion. Their gaze is perfect. It is neither raised nor lowered. It contains no defects, no excitement, no apprehension. When they stand their eyes look like the eyes of men who are lying down and when they are lying down their eyes look like the eyes of men who are standing. They have no flexibility, no pliancy. They have all been caught up in the same net.

It is an unconstrained crowd that is absorbed in itself, or rather each individual is absorbed in himself. They are insolent, but cowardly when attacked. When taken by surprise they

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are embarrassed. Each one of them lives in the shadow of his seven centres, of his lotuses, and of the sorcery of three thousand years.

They are careful to avoid every form of defilement, including the foul breath of Europeans, which smells of meat and murder. They have no contact with laundrymen, curriers, Mohammedan butchers, fishermen, shoemakers, or handkerchiefs, which preserve what ought to return to the earth, or with any of the innumerable things that keep plunging a man in mud up to his neck if he does not take care.

II

They are concentrated people and are reluctant to flow with the street traffic and the torrent of life. They maintain an inner check on themselves. Their emotions are always sheathed and never get out of hand. They never lose control of themselves, never give up the fort. They are assured and impudent. They sit down wherever they please. When they are tired of carrying a basket they put it down on the ground and sprawl out on it. When they meet a barber they say, 'Stop, give me a shave,' and they are shaved then and there on the open street, indifferent to the tumult about them. They sit down everywhere except in the places one would expect—on roads, in front of benches, or on the shelves of their stores among the merchandise, between hats and shoes. They sit down on the grass in the sunlight (for the Indian derives nourishment from the sun), or in the shade (for the Indian nourishes himself from the shade, too), or they may sit partly in the shade and partly in the sun, gravely talking to one another among the flower beds in the parks or leaning against benches but never sitting on them. Can you ever tell where a cat is going to sit down? The Hindu is just the same. Oh, those devastated Calcutta lawns. There is not an Englishman who can look at them without shivering inside. But no police force, not even artillery squadrons, could prevent the Indians from sitting down wherever they choose.

They are immobile and expect nothing from anybody. Whoever wants to sing sings, whoever wants to pray prays at the top of his voice while he sells betel or does anything else. Calcutta is incredibly crowded with pedestrians, and one has a hard time making one's way along even the widest streets. It is a city of monks and their master, their master in impudence and the inner life—the cow.

The Hindus have made an alliance with the cow, but the cow knows nothing about it. The cow and the monkey are the two most impudent of sacred animals. Cows wander all over Calcutta. They walk through the streets or lie down on a sidewalk, blocking it entirely. They deposit their droppings in front of the automobile of the Governor of Bengal. They inspect stores, threaten elevators, and install themselves in doorways. And if the Hindu were edible they would no doubt eat him.

In its indifference to the outer world the cow is also superior to the Hindu. It seeks no explanation, no truth, in the outer world. And if it eats as much as a tuft of grass it needs seven hours to ruminate. A large number of cows wander all over Cal-

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cutta chewing their cuds. They belong to a breed that does not mingle with other breeds and in this respect they resemble the Hindus and the English. Thus three different races inhabit this world capital.

The Hindu is not charmed by the grace of animals. Not at all. He looks at them awry. He does not like dogs, for dogs have no concentration. They are creatures of movement, shamelessly devoid of self-control. And, besides, what are dogs but reincarnations of creatures who would not have become dogs if they had not sinned? They are foul criminals who may even have killed a Brahman.

The Hindu appreciates wisdom and meditation. He feels in accord with the cow and the elephant, who are self-possessed and live a somewhat retired life. The Hindu likes animals that do not say 'thank you' and that do not cut too many capers. In the country there are peacocks but no sparrows. There are ibises and cranes and quantities of crows and kites. All these birds are serious.

Then there are camels and water buffaloes, who are also very serious. Needless to say, the water buffalo is slow. He wants to lie down in the mud. Beyond that nothing interests him. And if you drive him through Calcutta he will not go fast. From time to time he sticks his long, soot-colored tongue through his teeth and looks at the city as if he had lost his way. As for the camel, he is clearly superior to the horse, Orientally speaking. A trotting or galloping horse always looks as if he were engaged in some kind of sport. He does not run, he competes. The camel, on the other hand, moves forward rapidly with enormous strides. It is not that the animals differ in constitution; they differ in character.

III

Every Hindu thought is magical. A thought must act, act directly on one's own inner self, on the inner selves of others, or on things. The formulas of Western science do not act directly. No formula acts directly on the wheelbarrow, not even the formula of the lever. One must seize the wheelbarrow in one's hands. Western philosophy makes one's hair drop out and shortens one's life. Eastern philosophy makes one's hair grow and prolongs life. A great many of what are generally taken for beautiful philosophical religious thoughts are merely mantras or magic prayers that possess some virtue like 'Open Sesame.' According to the *Khandogya-upanishad*, if certain words, which do not really seem so very extraordinary in spite of all the commentaries written about them, 'are addressed to an old stick it will cover itself with flowers and leaves and take root.' And this statement is meant literally.

Remember that all Indian hymns and many philosophic commentaries are primarily practical. They are not things to think about; they are thoughts that enable one to participate in the Being, in Brahma. The cultivated Hindu, who is always scrupulous, attaches particular importance to this subject. He is haunted with the fear of being detached from the absolute and consigned to that hell which is in store for Europeans. Remember this terrible teaching: 'For those who leave this world without having discovered the *atman* and its true life there is no liberty in any

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world.' One cannot think of such a thing without having one's blood run cold.

Controlled respiration with a magical purpose might be considered the Hindu national exercise. One day in the station of Serampore I asked a babu who accompanied me to explain this subject in detail. Within less than three minutes, twenty experimenters, advisers, and informers surrounded us with their noses in the air, telling us to breathe in four times through the left nostril for every sixteen sharp exhalations through the right nostril, and so on and so on. They flung at our feet crumbs of wisdom concerning their extraordinary science of breathing. I never saw so many gestures in my life, though the Indian ordinarily lives without any gestures at all.

The Hindu is practical in the profound sense of the word. He wants a spiritual profit. He has no use for beauty. Beauty is an intermediary. He does not pay much attention to truth as such. What he cares about is spiritual efficiency. That is why Hindu preachers have had such success in America and have made so many converts in Boston and Chicago, where their teachings are as popular as Pelmanism.

I despair of ever being able to get a clear idea of idolatry, but at least I have seen it to a certain extent. The Hindu has idolatry in his blood. Everything seems good to him but he must also have his idol. He merges himself with the idol. He draws his power from it. He worships it. The most ancient Hindu book, the *Rigveda*, is full of hymns to the elements, to fire, air, sky, and sun. Hindus always worship the sun. In the morning they jump out of trains to salute it, and I am not confusing them with the Mohammedans. When 'He' rises they wash in the Ganges and salute 'Him' with both hands. Did Don Juan love women? We know that he loved to love. In like manner the Hindu loves to adore. It is something stronger than himself. The Hindus do not love Gandhi—no, they adore him. His picture is in all their temples and they pray to him. Through him they pray to God.

IV

The Hindu adores his mother, the 'maternity of his mother,' the potential maternity of little girls, the offspring that children will bring forth. When the wife of a school director, or rather a spiritual adviser, dies, imprints of her feet are made and these imprints are reproduced in red in the temple beside the statue of God, so that each pupil may adore 'the mother.'

The Hindu loves to prostrate himself. He also wants to belong to a cult. That is why he prefers maternity in woman to femininity, though he also pays attention to the latter, since the Being 'abounds in every quarter and nothing must be neglected. Therefore the Hindu, who is highly sensual, knows quite well how to indulge in universal fornication.

Hindu religions, the cults of Vishnu, Siva, Kali, Durga, Ganesa, do not arise from the weakness of man but from his strength. Prayer and meditation are exercises of spiritual forces. Every temple contains, beside its altar of Kali, a picture showing the proper attitudes in which to say the prayers and mantras. One prayer takes the form of a rape. One's tactics must

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be good. He who prays well makes the stones fall and perfumes the waters. He forces God. The interior of the temples, even of those that are largest outside, are small, small to make one feel one's own strength. The Hindus would much rather make twenty niches than one great altar, for they want to feel their own power. Then they say 'Om.' Serenity in power. Magic at the centre of all magic. They should be heard chanting this word in the Vedic hymns, the Upanishads, and the *Tantra of the Great Liberation*.

The Englishman washes very regularly but to the Hindu he is the symbol of filth and uncleanliness. The Hindu has difficulty in not vomiting when he thinks about the Englishman. The reason is that the Englishman is constantly contaminated by various contacts that the Hindu carefully avoids. Few people bathe as often as the Hindus. In Chandernagore, which is as small as Ville d'Avray, there are sixteen thousand pools, and no matter what time of day you visit them you rarely find one that is not occupied. The Ganges, of course, does not stand empty, nor are its waters distilled. People take it as it comes. The same thing is true of water in pools. If this water were clear it would not intentionally be made dirty before one bathed in it though it might be sullied a little to prepare it.

The Hindu behaves very seriously in the water. He stands upright, knee-deep. From time to time he ducks and the sacred water of the Ganges flows over him. He spends some time this way and also washes his clothes or his rags. His teeth he cleans with particular care. And if the sun is shining he prays to it.

But there is no laughter. Near the big city centres, near the jute factories, one occasionally sees a few little rascals trying to swim, actually trying to swim in sacred water. They have even been seen splashing one another. But these spectacles are happily rare.

In spite of all this, Hindu filthiness is proverbial, although the clothes the Hindus wear are often clean. It is a curious thing that when a painter does a picture of their dirty interiors and ragged forms, he always represents them in the cleanest way. Filthiness itself is depicted with cleanliness. The holes in the garments are clean. European paintings of the last century, on the other hand, depict almost nothing but crumbling walls covered with lizards, interiors with dusty, broken furniture, and the heads of people who seem to be suffering from skin diseases.

V

Everybody knows the kind of novel in which an unspoken word or a lowered gaze cause two young people who love each other to be separated for years. The girl wanted to say 'yes,' she wanted to smile, but she failed to do so, and it takes three hundred pages to straighten things out, though it was all so simple at the beginning.

The Bengali's whole existence is lived out in this way. He would rather accumulate all kinds of regrets than intervene too quickly. When a film scenario calls for an emotional thunder storm the director has the greatest difficulty in reproducing this phenomenon. For Indians do not react. They do not smile. They give no outward signs. Their eyelids do not move. When they are excited they merely

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move a little more slowly. They even prefer unhappiness because they are so fond of situations that contain density. They like to feel the great forces of fate rather than their own individual forces. They breathe seven times before speaking. They do not want immediate results.

The Indian is incapable of making any definite sign to indicate 'yes.' He does n't nod, he simply moves his head so that it describes part of a circle, as if to say, 'Oh, well, after all, everything considered, if it really is necessary to you, as a last resort, all right.' Ask him if he wants to accept a lac of rupees or if he is a real Brahman and he will not reply with a decisive 'yes.' It will always be a long, undulating, dreamy 'yes.' His neck will move like a swan's as it makes a gesture that still has certain negative elements.

I once took malicious pleasure in looking at the plates severely when my cook brought me a meal. He at once began moving them about nervously in a perfectly useless way, separating them and gathering them together, pushing them away from him and then drawing them an inch or two nearer. When I had almost finished eating I stopped with the same air, so that he at once began looking around again without ever doing anything useful, changing the position of the saltcellar in relation to the olive oil and the dessert spoon in relation to the plate or gently rubbing one edge of the table cloth and then another. This lasted twenty minutes, and he was evidently deeply embarrassed, yet he would never ask, 'Well, what's the matter?' From anything like that he would guard himself carefully.

Why does this remind me of kite-flying? The Bengalis, who play no games at all, fly kites, even grown-up people twenty-five years old. Mature, serious men unwind the strings of their kites on the roofs of their houses, looking far up into the sky as they try to break the strings of neighboring kites. Thus they indulge in combats a hundred yards up in the sky, hardly realizing that they are playing any part in the struggle and allowing the wind and destiny to govern their lazy, meditative play.

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Here is a chapter from *Kleiner Mann — was nun?*, which was reviewed in our columns a few months ago and has since become the novel of the year in Germany.

A CHILD Falls Ill

By HANS FALLADA

Translated from *Die Literatur*
Berlin Literary Monthly

ONE night the Pinnebergs awoke to unfamiliar music. Their baby, Murkel, was awake and crying. 'Murkel is crying,' whispered Lämmchen quite unnecessarily.

'Yes,' said Pinneberg quietly and looked at the illuminated dial of the alarm clock. 'It is five minutes past three.'

They listened and Lämmchen whispered again, 'He's never done that before. He can't be hungry.'

'He'll stop soon,' said Pinneberg. 'You'll see. We'll soon be able to go back to sleep.'

But sleep was impossible and after a while Lämmchen said, 'How about putting on the light? He is crying so bitterly.'

But where Murkel is concerned Pinneberg is a man of principle. 'By no means. Understand? By no means. We have worn ourselves out. We can't bother about his crying at night. If we let him alone, he'll know that he is supposed to sleep when it is dark.'

'Yes,' Lämmchen began, 'but . . .'

'By no means!' Pinneberg exclaimed with emphasis. 'If we once start in we'll have to be getting up every night. Don't you remember the first night? He cried much longer then.'

'But he's crying so differently now. He's crying as if he were suffering.'

'We must put up with it. Lämmchen, be reasonable.'

They lay in the dark and listened to the child's crying. It kept on incessantly and sleep was obviously out of the question. But it must stop. It had to stop. And it did n't. Was n't the child crying more bitterly than usual, Pinneberg asked himself? This was n't his usual cry of rage or hunger. He must be suffering.

'Perhaps he is in pain?' Lämmchen inquired gently.

'Why should he be in pain?' Pinne-

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berg asked. 'And, besides, what can we do about it? Nothing.'

'I could make him some fennel tea. That has always quieted him.'

Pinneberg did not answer. Oh, it is not so easy. Murkel must have a good chance. No mistakes must be made about his education. He must be a fine fellow. Pinneberg's mind was working anxiously. 'Well, get up and make him some tea.'

But he jumped up almost quicker than Lämmchen and turned on the light. The baby kept quiet for a minute when he saw the brightness and then began crying again. He was dark red.

'My little Murkel,' said Lämmchen and bent over him and lifted the little bundle out of the crib. 'My Murkelchen, does it hurt? Show Mamma where it hurts.'

Warmed by her body and rocked in her arms, Murkel kept quiet. Then he gave a deep gurgle.

Murkel was put back in his crib. Pinneberg looked at the clock. 'Just four. It is high time for us to get to bed if we want to get any sleep at all.'

The light went out. The Pinnebergs fell asleep at once and then woke up again. Murkel was crying. It was five minutes past four.

'There you are,' said Pinneberg in disgust. 'We ought never to have gotten up at all. Now he thinks it will always be that way. That he only has to cry and we'll come to him.'

Lämmchen was Lämmchen and she quite understood that a man who spends all day trying to sell a certain quota of merchandise in a store is nervous and irritable. She said nothing. Murkel cried.

'Dearest,' said Pinneberg and then became ironic. 'Dearest, what's going to happen? I don't know how I'm going to be fresh in the store to-morrow morning.' And then more angrily, 'I'm so far behind. God damn that crying.'

Lämmchen still kept quiet and Murkel still cried. Pinneberg tossed about. He listened. Again he became convinced that it was really a cry of pain. And he knew that what he had said was nonsense and that Lämmchen knew it too, and he reproached himself for having been so silly. Now was the time for his wife to say something nice. She knew it. She knew that it would be hard for him to make a beginning.'

'Dear, did n't you think that he was very hot?'

'I did n't notice,' muttered Pinneberg.

'But he was so red.'

'That was from crying.'

'No, there were bright red spots on him. Suppose he is sick?'

'What would be the matter with him?' asked Pinneberg. But this was a new point of view and therefore he said with a groan, 'Then turn on the light. Nothing else will satisfy you.'

II

So they turned on the light, and again Murkel was in his mother's arms and again he became still. He gurgled once and kept quiet.

'There you are,' said Pinneberg disgustedly. 'That's no sickness that stops the minute you take him in your arms.'

'Feel his little hands. They're so hot.'

'Well, what of it?' Pinneberg had become impatient. 'They're hot from crying. Think how I'd sweat if I had

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cried as loud as that. I would n't have a dry stitch on my back.'

'But his hands are really very hot. I believe Murkel is sick.'

Pinneberg felt the baby's hands and his tone at once changed. 'Yes, they really are very hot. What if he has a fever?'

'Stupid of us not to have a thermometer.'

'We wanted to buy one long ago, but it costs money.'

'Yes,' said Lämmchen. 'He has a temperature.'

'Shall we give him some tea?' asked Pinneberg.

'No, that would simply fill up his little stomach.'

'And yet I don't believe,' Pinneberg broke in, 'that anything really hurts him. He just cries because he wants you to hold him.'

'But, dear, we never held him like this before.'

'Well, that's enough. Now put him down in the crib and you'll see that he cries.'

'But . . .'

'Lämmchen, lay him in the crib. Please, as a favor to me. Lay him down. You'll see.'

Lämmchen looked at her husband and put the child in the crib. There was no need to put out the light this time, for Murkel started crying at once.

'You see?' exclaimed the young man excitedly. 'And now lift him up and you'll see that he shuts right up again.'

Lämmchen took him out of the crib while her husband looked on expectantly. But Murkel kept right on crying. Pinneberg stiffened. Murkel cried. After a while Pinneberg said, 'There you are. You've spoiled him by picking him up so much. What shall we do next for his royal highness?'

'Something hurts him,' said Lämmchen softly. She rocked him back and forth and his crying subsided but then increased again. 'Now, dear, do me a favor. Go to bed. Perhaps you can get a little sleep.'

'Under no circumstances.'

'Please, dear, do. I shall be much happier if you do. I can lie down for a little while in the morning, but you must be fresh."

Pinneberg looked at her. Then he slapped her on the back. 'All right, Lämmchen, I'll lie down, but call me if there's anything the matter.'

But sleep was out of the question. First one would go to bed and then the other. They carried him, they sang, they rocked him. It was no good. Sometimes he merely gave a low whimper. Then it would grow louder. Finally both parents stood over the child. 'It is terrible,' said Pinneberg. 'How he must be suffering.'

'How it must seem to him. That such a little creature can suffer so!'

'If only I could help him!' and suddenly Lämmchen cried aloud and pressed the baby close to her. 'My little Murkel, my little Murkel, can't I do something for you?' But Murkel kept on crying.

'What can it be?' murmured Pinneberg.

'He can't tell us that. If only he could show us where it hurts. Murkel dear, show Mamma where it hurts.'

'We're stupid,' said Pinneberg angrily. 'We don't know anything. If we knew anything, perhaps we could help him.'

'And we don't know anybody we might ask.'

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'I'll go call a doctor,' said Pinneberg and began to dress.

'You have n't a certificate for a doctor.'

'But he must come just the same. I'll get one afterward.'

'No doctor will come here at five in the morning. As soon as they hear the words, "sick fund," they all say it can wait until morning.'

'He must come.'

'Dear, if you bring him here to this place, up the ladder, there will be trouble. He might not believe we live here. And he'd never climb the ladder because he'd think you meant him harm.'

Pinneberg sat on the edge of the bed and looked gloomily at Lämmchen. 'Yes, you're right,' he nodded. 'We're up against it very prettily, Mrs. Pinneberg, very prettily. We never thought of that.'

'Oh well,' said Lämmchen, 'don't be like that, dear. Everything looks bad now, but it will get better.'

'The trouble is,' said Pinneberg, 'that we don't amount to anything. We're all alone. And there are others like us who are all alone, too. Each one thinking of himself. If we were only workers. They call each other comrade and help each other.'

'No, no,' said Lämmchen. 'Not when I remember what Father always said and what Father went through.'

'Yes, of course,' said Pinneberg. 'I know. They're no good. But at least they don't mind being dirty whereas we clerks think we're something better.' And Murkel kept on crying and they looked out the window and the sun was rising and it was light and they looked at each other and they saw that they both looked sallow and pale and tired.

'Dear,' said Lämmchen.

'Dear,' he said, and they held hands.

'Yes, everything is n't so bad,' said Lämmchen.

'No, not as long as we have each other,' he reassured her. And they began walking up and down again.

'Now I wonder,' said Lämmchen, 'whether I should give him my breast or not. Suppose there's something the matter with his stomach?'

'Yes,' he said in despair. 'What are you going to do? It's almost six o'clock.'

'I know, I know!' cried Lämmchen with sudden enthusiasm. 'At seven you go over to the baby welfare centre,—it's only ten minutes from here,—and you beg and pray until one of the nurses comes along with you.'

'Yes,' he said, 'that might work. Then I could get to work on time.'

'And we'll let him go hungry until then. It can't hurt him.'

III

At exactly seven o'clock a pale young man wearing a tie that was all askew was walking all around inside the Municipal Infant Welfare Centre. There were signs everywhere—consultation hours so and so—and this was certainly not a consultation hour. He stood about anxiously. Lämmchen was waiting, but he must n't disturb the nurses. What if they were still sleeping? What should he do? A woman walked down the stairway past him. She reminded him vaguely of the instructress at the swimming pool, only she was older, fatter, and Jewish.

'She does n't look nice,' Pinneberg reflected. 'I sha'n't ask.'

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The woman descended one more step and suddenly turned around and began to walk up again. She stopped in front of Pinneberg and looked at him. 'Well, young father,' she said, 'what now?' And then she smiled.

'Young father' and the smile. There, that was right. Oh, God, how nice she was. Suddenly he realized that many people would understand who he was and what was the matter. An old Jewish social worker, for instance. How many thousand fathers must have lingered here on the stairs. And now he could tell everything and she understood everything and simply nodded and said, 'Oh yes,' and opened a door and cried, 'Ella, Martha, Hannah.'

Heads appeared. 'One of you go with the young father, won't you? He's in trouble.' And the stout woman nodded to Pinneberg and said, 'Good day, it won't be so bad,' and walked down the stairs.

After a while one of the nurses appeared and said, 'Let's go,' and on the way he told the whole story all over again and the nurse thought everything was all right and nodded and said, 'It can't be so bad. We'll soon see.'

And it was nice that someone was coming who knew her business and the anxiety about the ladder proved to be unnecessary. The nurse merely said, 'Well, up in the crow's nest. After you, please,' and climbed after him with her leather bag like an old sailor. Then Lämmchen and the nurse talked quietly together and looked at Murkel, who, of course, had become quite quiet. Lämmchen only spoke to Pinneberg once and that was to say, 'Dear, won't you go? It's time for you to be at the store,' but he merely muttered, 'No, I'll wait. Perhaps I must go get something.'

They lifted the baby out of the crib and he lay quite still. They took his temperature. No, he did n't have any fever. It was only a little above normal, and then they took him over to the window and made him open his mouth. He still kept quiet and suddenly the nurse said something and Lämmchen looked rather startled. Then she cried out excitedly, 'Dear, dear, come, come here quickly. Our Murkel has got his first tooth.'

Pinneberg came. He looked at the bare little mouth and at the red gums, but Lämmchen's finger was pointing at a little swelling and at something that seemed to be sticking out of it. 'Like a fish bone,' thought Pinneberg, 'like a fish bone.' But he did n't say anything and the two women looked at him so expectantly that he finally spluttered, 'Well, then, let's be going. Everything all right? The first tooth.' He thought a minute and then inquired anxiously, 'How many of them is he going to have?'

'Twenty,' said the nurse.

'As many as that?' said Pinneberg. 'And does he always cry so much?'

'That depends,' replied the nurse. 'They don't all cry over all their teeth.'

'Well, well. If one only knew about such things,' and he suddenly burst out laughing. He felt happy enough to cry, as if something very great and important had happened. 'Thank you, nurse,' he said with a bow. 'Thank you. We had no idea. Lämmchen, give him your breast quickly, he certainly must be hungry, and I must go to the store full speed. Thank you, nurse. Good-bye, Lämmchen. Be good, Murkel.' And he departed.

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BOOKS ABROAD

GENIO DE ESPAÑA. *By Ernesto Giménez Caballero. Madrid: Gaceta Literaria. 1932.*

(José Francisco Pastor in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich)

'WHAT we almost completely lack is the strength for reality,' said Friedrich Gundolf in 1911, for he too recognized that the task of nineteenth-century man was to come nearer to reality. During the closing years of the nineteenth century Rimbaud and Nietzsche had shown Europe the way that led to the apprehension of this living and concrete reality, and in Spain Unamuno, Baroja, and Azorín demanded and indicated the same thing. Ernesto Giménez Caballero learned from them the significance of this theme and ever since his twentieth year he has tried through the study of languages and folklore to grasp the living, concrete reality of Spain's social life, which forms a part of the total reality in which nature and history are united.

Was Giménez Caballero alarmed by this Spanish reality that he portrayed to us in one of his early books, *Las castañuelas, los toros, y la virgen?* I cannot say. In any event, he is no longer trying to discover Spanish reality by means of historical realism. Instead he wants to make the same discovery by means of historical idealism.

His new book, *Spirit of Spain*, tries to seek out the idea—the genius—of Spain. It is the kind of book that tries to create a metaphysical concept of the nation and of national history. Instead of concerning himself with the actual life of Spain, the peasant in the field, the mule driver on the dusty highway, and the bourgeois and worker in the city, Giménez Caballero now seeks the idea of the nation that a social consciousness has created for itself and projected into the future in the hope that it may take on physical reality. The subtitle of the book is 'Exhortations for a Resurrection of the Nation and the World.'

The two first chapters describe the essence of the national ideal that social consciousness has formed for itself. The first chapter, the best in the book, 'Los nietos del '98 (notas a Unamuno),'—'The Grandsons of '98 (Notes to Unamuno),'—is an enumeration of Spain's 'twelve '98's,' meaning the twelve defeats of Spain and the twelve pacts and treaties that led to the destruction of the Spanish Empire, from the treaty of January 30, 1648, between Spain and Holland to the Paris Treaty of December 12, 1898. Giménez Caballero then gives a history of the word and the concept, 'Spain,' and of the five methods that the social consciousness of Spain has resorted to, one after another, to express its desire for salvation: the Tridentine council, the economic means of assistance devised by Joaquín Costa, the remedy of culture that Azorín, Baroja, Unamuno, and Maeztu wanted to give the people, the idea of freedom, and, finally, the popular idea. Yet in spite of these five cures Giménez Caballero discovers in the year 1932 that the idea of the nation is not rooted in social consciousness and that national reality

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takes flight in the presence of social reality.

The second chapter, 'Los huevos de la urraca (notas a Ortega),'—'The Cuckoo's Egg (Notes to Ortega),'—is a long essay on Ortega's *España invertebrada*, which appeared in 1922 and in which the author, objectively and without the pathos of Unamuno, analyzed the origin and progress of Spanish decadence. Ortega believes that Spain's decadence and inability to build a modern state are due to the fact that it never underwent a period of mediæval feudalism. This lack was due to the fundamental fact that neither German nor Gallic barbarians entered the Iberian Peninsula but only the West Goths, who had already been infected by their contact with the collapsing Roman Empire. The result is that throughout all Spanish history there has been a notable lack of any aristocracy capable of fulfilling the great tasks set by culture and the modern state. In this chapter Giménez Caballero takes issue with Ortega's interpretation. Giménez regards the Roman, not the German tradition as the essential element in the creation of the modern state, the continuation of the great Roman theme in history.

The third chapter, 'César y Dios (notas a una juventud con genio de España),'—'Cæsar and God (Notes to an Alert Younger Generation in Spain),'—develops his conception of the spread of the Spanish national idea in the popular consciousness. In his opinion the true, eternal impulse of Spain is the universal, ecumenical Catholic impulse that will restore Cæsarism and worldly unity by combining nations, races, and cultures into a spiritual whole in the name of a single God. Giménez Caballero regards the idea of Rome as what distinguishes the Occidental from the Oriental world. He says that Spain began to grow great and develop its historical reality and its national ideal into a single whole when the Roman Catholic Ferdinand brought all the kingdoms of Spain together under one rule, that this greatness reached its height when Charles V, the 'Germanic Emperor,' attempted to combine the versatility of Europe with duty toward the God of Rome, and that Spain fell when the idea of one Cæsar and one God began to disappear from the European horizon.

The last chapter sings the praises of Spain and celebrates the possibility that a new Germanic emperor may take Spain in hand, 'like a lance,' in the service of the God of Rome.

What characterizes this book, in which a young Spanish writer reveals himself brilliantly, is that he has given his nation a mission. Thus he is following the example that writers in other countries have given him. The book, as I have said, is of a kind that is new in Spain, but it is like many recent European books in which the writers of various nations try to learn their national tasks so that they may save themselves and that eternal part of themselves, their nation, from chaos, confusion, and barbarism. Yet we find ourselves remembering the words written by the same man who wrote the first sentence in this review and believe that history never repeats the same idea and that knowledge of the past is not alone enough to create the new things that are needed. For 'how the future lord or savior looks we first know when he comes into his own—and only he knows his own hour and his own work.'

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BAMBUTI, DIE ZWERGE VOM KONGO. *With 89 Photographic Reproductions and 3 Maps. By Dr. Paul Schebesta. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus Verlag. 1932. 9.75 reichsmarks.*

(Bernard R. Friedrichs in the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich)

THE renowned pygmy expert, Dr. Paul Schebesta, just back from a long expedition to the haunts of these people in the interior of Africa, has written a popular account of his adventures and labors entitled *Bambuti, the Pygmies of the Congo*. His descriptions bear witness to a profound knowledge and sympathetic understanding of these tiniest of living people.

The shortest person in the world must be a woman Schebesta met in a forest on the Ituri River. She was the mother of a healthy, six-year-old child and was only three feet ten inches tall. It seems almost incredible that a full-grown, completely normally built person without any deformities can be so small. The average height of the women is four feet four inches and of the men four feet eight inches. The Congo pygmies are the only people in the whole world who do not know how to make fire, and Dr. Schebesta can not give any satisfying explanation of this extraordinary fact. He suggests that the pygmies once knew how to kindle a fire but that they lost their knowledge in the course of the centuries. This seems the more remarkable because the pygmies are not ungifted in other respects. Some of the clans can speak no less than five languages, so that the explorer found it easy to converse with them.

The courage and loyalty of the pygmies equal their mental capacities. They hunt elephants with such courage and cunning that they put to shame the foreign sportsman who brings down dozens of these beasts with his Mauser gun. In fact, the method used by the pygmies, with their four feet eight inches pitted against twelve feet and their eighty pounds pitted against six tons, deserves a brief description. Usually two or three of them hunt together. Carefully and quietly they discover the monster they are hunting standing in the shade of an enormous tree. One of the hunters then approaches noiselessly from behind, raises his spear in both hands, hurls it against the knee hollow of one of the elephant's back legs, and instantly leaps back into the thicket. Wild with pain, the elephant trumpets loudly and lunges toward his attacker. At this moment the second hunter sneaks up and hurls his spear against the elephant's other leg. If these attacks are properly carried out the main work is done. With two sinews cut, the elephant soon falls to the ground. The pygmies then approach cautiously and cut off the animal's trunk, which causes him to bleed to death.

There is a tradition, which this extraordinary display of courage fortifies, to the effect that the Efé pygmies, under the leadership of an ambitious military hero, a kind of pygmy Napoleon, once subjugated the entire jungle. They made great progress and caused the proud Negro rulers to withdraw farther and farther. Finally, the pygmy attack was halted at the Biena River. The Negroes still remember this attack of the pygmies with terror.

In spite of the ferocity and contempt with which the pygmies regard

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the jungle Negroes, whom they call 'our savages,' their hearts are filled with the kindliest emotions. Family ties are stronger than among most civilized peoples. If any member of the family comes to grief all his relatives stand by and help him. A stranger who leaves the pygmies in peace and respects their customs and morals has nothing to fear, for, in spite of occasional temperamental outbursts, they love peace. Their magic ritual includes a specially formed tube or whistle that they call a *pikipiki*, which is supposed to be able to protect a whole tribe. If some possession of the tribe's enemy is put into the *pikipiki* the enemy can accomplish nothing evil. The instrument is stuffed and then whistled through so that it can be heard all through the jungle. Immediately the assailant forgets his hostility and the war is over. What a simple, practical way of attaining peace. How much good a *pikipiki* could do in the rest of the world.

WAR AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION, 1832–1932; A STUDY OF WAR AS A POLITICAL INSTRUMENT AND THE EXPRESSION OF MASS DEMOCRACY. *By Major General J. F. C. Fuller. London: Gerald Duckworth and Company. 1932. 10 shillings.*

(Henry W. Nevinson in the *Week-end Review*, London)

THIS is a terrible book. It sets out to prove that war is not only inevitable according to the laws of human nature, but actually beneficial. 'War,' writes the author in his conclusion, 'is a God-appointed instrument to teach wisdom to the foolish and righteousness to the evil-minded.' One has heard that sort of glorification before from generals, who know something of war, and from bishops, who may be supposed to know something of God. To those who have passed through war, like the majority of youngish men in this country, it is a terrible saying, but, however terrible, it is the duty of all who work for peace to study this book, if only to realize with what an immense task they are confronted.

The author purposes to summarize all the main wars within the last hundred years, to trace their causes, to criticize their methods, and to estimate their results. In an appendix he shows that within that century there have been nearly 180 wars of one kind or another—conflicts entailing the loss of human lives, exterminated by human agents. It is an appalling list, but of that large number he selects only the international and civil wars known to everyone as vital events in history. He is especially attentive to the growth of arms, from the flintlock musket, with an effective range of about 100 yards and a maximum range of 300, capable of being fired twice a minute, to a field gun with a round-shot range of 1,500 yards and a case-shot range of 500 yards.

Point by point he shows the development of the rifle, the magazine, the long-range gun, the quick-firing gun, the machine gun, barbed wire, entrenchments, aëroplanes, tanks, and gas, and on sea of torpedoes and submarines; all assisted by telegraph, telephone, wireless, and various other mechanical inventions. He shows that this development of arms has rendered the old mass formation and frontal attack impossible,

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and has abolished the splendid old cavalry with sword, lance, and carbine. As a result, action upon the front, whether on open ground or among entrenchments, has become a method of killing by accident rather than killing by intention. But killing remains the chief object, though the numbers of the killed in proportion to the vast armies engaged are reduced. The cost is not reduced:—

> In the Third Battle of Ypres, 1917, 4,300,000 shells were fired. The shells fired during the preliminary bombardment—that is, before the infantry attack began—weighed 107,000 tons and cost approximately £22,000,000, a figure nearly equal to the total yearly cost of the pre-war British Home Army.

General Fuller also traces the various causes of the century's wars—nationalism, expansion, and economics. The last-named has now become the main cause, and he draws a hideous picture of a future in which for economic reasons all Asia, including Russia, will be united against Europe in an enormous war caused mainly by the cheap labor of Asia, which threatens Europe with ruin. He thinks democracy, far from restraining the will to war, increases it. 'To make the world safe for democracy,' he says, 'is to turn it into a charnel house.' He speaks of 'a venal, sensation-loving press which stood for the spirit of democracy, and did in fact fairly represent it, since it howled for action with one voice and condemned it with the other.' Popular opinion, he thinks, is always for war, and, having witnessed the beginning of nearly all the wars in the last thirty-five years, I cannot contradict him. At the beginning the peoples on both sides have always shouted for war. But if, as the author says, war is such a blessing, why should he lament a democracy that drives to it?

Nevertheless, the book is a valuable record of a century's history, and I should confidently recommend it to the Disarmament Conference in Geneva, if such a conference still draws breath. One small mistake only I have noticed: the author says that the Greco-Turkish War, which began in April 1897, lasted till the following December. Arrangements of peace may have lasted so long, but the war was ended in May, as I know, having been present through all its thirty days.

DIE FRAU IN SOVIETRUSSLAND. *By Fannina W. Halle. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1932.*

(Arthur Rundt in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna)

THIS extensive monograph on the Russian woman, embracing as it does profound and exclusive knowledge, appears under the most happy circumstances. The author, Dr. Fannina Halle, was born and educated in Russia. Russian peculiarities and Russian popular ways have always been close to her. But she has spent more than twenty years abroad, most of them in Vienna, and during many visits to the new Russia she has studied the position of women under the Soviets, frequently with enthusiasm for the amazing progress that has been made and sometimes with dismay.

Several sentences at the beginning of the book point the long road along which Fannina Halle is going to take the reader. The first quotation is the heroic statement of a Russian Amazon in pre-Christian times: 'If he is an old hero I cut his head off; if he is a young

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hero I take him prisoner.' From the period when Russia was under the yoke of the Tatars comes this unique teaching: 'If a woman refuses to obey it is recommended that she be whipped according to the extent of her guilt.' There is also the following Russian saying: 'A hen is not a bird; a woman is not a man.' And, finally, comes Lenin's modern recommendation: 'Every woman cook must learn to rule the state.'

Dr. Halle has described a cycle of human history covering centuries. She has shown the decline and resurrection of the Russian woman in an ably organized work of six hundred pages in which history and modern sociology are skillfully woven together. For us West Europeans who have tried to see and understand the new Russia Fannina Halle possesses the inestimable advantage of having known the old Russia out of which the new Russia arose. And this is an advantage both to the author and to the reader. For though she fills her book with information the reader is not bored for a minute, since she always enriches him by recalling the old before describing the new. I myself have seen the new, masculine Russian women of the cities, dressed in trousers and leather jackets, with brief cases under their arms. In the country I have seen peasant women released from domestic cares driving tractors, and I have seen women soldiers in the Red Army. Such women have often been described before, but no one ever thought of showing us the ancestress of this new type of woman, the heroic woman of the pre-Christian Russian matriarchy.

When the Byzantines, after a relentless battle with the warriors of Prince Ssvatosslav of Kiev, unclothed the dead they found many women who had been fighting shoulder to shoulder with the men in men's uniforms. For women in ancient Russia were the social equals of men, they were not tied down and enjoyed individual initiative in all the important things of life. This position that women occupied in pre-Christian Russian society was based on a heathen belief in women's magic, in their knowledge of the secrets of nature, in their gifts of prophecy and their power to cure sickness. The clearest indication of the power of the matriarchy is revealed in the important position occupied by the *matieraia vdova*, the widowed mother of sons. These women were customarily given unlimited power over their families in ancient Russia.

At the end of the fifteenth century the matriarchal period was followed by a period in which women were subjugated by both Church and State, a period of confinement and punishment. An old manuscript dating back to this time gives special instructions how to beat one's wife. The Russian woman of this period measured her husband's affection by how much he beat her and one of them, who married an Italian, asked her husband with horror whether he loved her because he had not beaten her. Thus Dr. Halle paints a background for the picture that she gives of woman in Soviet Russia. And, being trained in artistic history, she knows how brilliantly her representation will glow when it is set off against such a dark background. A chapter entitled 'A Rival of the New Period,' describes the reformers of Peter the Great and Catherine II, the freeing of the

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peasants and the first reëmancipation of woman.

Next comes the Soviet woman herself, the new marriage, the new family life, women participating in politics and intellectual matters, the widely misunderstood free love, new spheres of feminine activity, woman in the Komsomol, and, of course, a chapter entitled 'The Five-Year Plan and Woman.' In a section entitled 'Mother and Child,' Dr. Halle states that the rapid growth of population in modern Russia is not merely the consequence of the natural vitality of a young and healthy nation; it is also 'the first example of a consciously directed public policy.' Can this be true? Does planning extend even as far as that? I was afraid that the author had been too easily persuaded to believe what she had learned from Soviet sources. Certainly the fact of planned population increase is dubious, as well as the exact accuracy of the proud official announcement of an excess of births of three and a half millions.

THE theme of the Soviet woman covers children, Soviet schools, and the Komsomol, the great youth organization of the Communist Party. Concerning children who were born under the present social order, the author has something of the greatest significance to say, that 'these children know no yesterday and take for granted all new forms of existence. They cannot believe that yesterday was so different from to-day, or that Soviet Russia still reflects the life of the past.' Concerning the Komsomol, Dr. Halle frankly states that it is not a homogeneous mass but that it is made up of two groups, the children of the workers, who get every privilege, and the proletarianized children of the 'former ones'—the bourgeoisie and intellectuals.

The chapter describing the struggle against prostitution tells the reader about the first conference of former prostitutes who are now otherwise employed. This chapter, in the form of a report, is a journalistic feat of great skill written by an observer with keen eyes and ears. Everywhere and always she is eager to see and recognize what is positive, to describe what has actually happened, and to give it significance.

Dr. Halle says of her book that it does not possess 'the kind of perfect objectivity that authors often claim for their books against their own better judgment, since we know that such objectivity would be possible only if a book could be written without any author at all.' She explains that what she describes 'was seen subjectively, in the sense that the author does not believe that impartiality and lack of conviction are identical.' And her own conviction she describes as follows: 'That a creative process of unprecedented dimensions is now under way in the new Russia.'

She also shows respect for the magnitude of the Russian experiment and emotional sympathy for the fate of the Russian woman. She often explicitly acknowledges the great accomplishments that have been achieved up to now, but on certain individual subjects she shows skepticism, realization of tragi-comic elements, and a frank recognition of the grotesque.

In the first four-fifths of her book Fannina Halle describes only positive results. One feels as if it took her that long to realize that a complete account

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of what has happened requires something more than descriptions of mere results. And one consequence of Russia's radical social reconstruction is that the successes that have been achieved by force must be seen in relation to certain negative features. Here are several negative details of this kind which are small matters but symptomatic.

The author saw ten thousand women workers in the big cooking factory at Stalingrad eating their meals off tables that had white covers and flowers on them. But all the time they were spitting on the floor as they did in the old days. The House of Scholars in Leningrad occupies a made-over imperial palace decorated richly with marble and gold. The scholars who live there are served thin tea without sugar, millet gruel, and cucumber salad on valuable inlaid tables, and every morning a dense crowd is massed outside the washrooms and toilets because there are not nearly enough of these rooms to accommodate the people who wish to use them.

In the Anti-Religious Museum Fanina Halle saw men from the country automatically crossing themselves as they passed the icons that are on exhibit there for the edification of the godless, and in an industrial centre where many American specialists were stationed, along with a big staff of translators, a postal clerk asked Dr. Halle, when she gave a telegram to be sent to Vienna, whether there was any such place.

Because this book describes actual experiences respectfully and explicitly it may seem like a work of propaganda, but those who want that kind of propaganda will not care for the skeptical passages. It is not a book of the right or the left for the simple reason that it is given balance by a desire for truth that does not always fit within the framework of any single party programme.

DAS GUT IM ELSASS. *By Ernst Glaeser. Berlin: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1932.*

(Hermann Wendel in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt)

ANY critic who described this book as light reading would be doing the author a great injustice. Since the success of his first novel, *Class of 1902*, it has been obvious that Ernst Glaeser approaches the problems of this world with a wrinkled brow, and this severely thoughtful book, like his others, seeks the answer to a question.

Whatever view one may take of the Alsatian problem, it is a complex mass of historically conditioned religious, linguistic, cultural, political, economic, and social problems. These problems do not appear the same to different strata of society. The peasant sees them differently from the bourgeois, the manufacturer differently from the worker, and the Catholic differently from the Jew. But Glaeser does not show the various aspects of the question. He simply depicts a few people, most of whom live in that somewhat esoteric world where one discusses Gide and Valéry at the breakfast table, and, though he may think that he has drawn Alsatian types, he has really given us only abstractions. There is the Strassburg innkeeper who out of hatred of the Soviets spends his evenings planning a war of annihilation against Russia on a relief map with armies of tin

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soldiers. There is the schoolmaster who has turned away from the world and devotes himself to his bees and trees. There is a strange fellow by the name of Berl who, disappointed by the way France acted after the War, wastes his time on trifles. He is truly a curious creature, for when he was a German soldier on the eastern front he used to celebrate the Fourteenth of July by hanging a red, white, and blue flag before his trench dugout and playing the 'Marseillaise' on his gramophone.

The Alsatians reacted in a variety of ways, most of them bitter, when they were put in German uniforms from 1914 to 1918—Heydt's novel, *Elsässer links 'raus*, gives ample proof of that—but when at the close of the book this Berl takes voluntary leave of the world and writes, 'I am the unknown Alsatian soldier,' the effect is ludicrous. So the unknown Alsatian soldier, whom nobody has ever seen, is the man who played the 'Marseillaise' in a dugout in the presence of his comrades and officers!

This example illustrates the limitations of the whole book, for the pseudo-Alsatians whom Glaeser wished to have appear as men 'between the fronts' merely seem like dissipated, romantic, and self-tormenting Germans. Real Alsatians are of the earth earthy, quite realistic and rational, and wholly averse to the conceited chatter that keeps recurring throughout this book. In any event, Glaeser, with all his talk about the Germans, who strive for the absolute even in their political life, and about the French, who set themselves conservatively against all progress, and with his occasional cries of 'Long live Moscow,' makes less interesting and amusing reading than Friedrich Sieburg does in his newspaper dispatches about France and Germany. Here is an example of the artificial speech that Glaeser's artificial characters use: 'You are invited to proceed with me this afternoon in my automobile to one of the finest country estates in the department and to partake of tea at Madame v. P.'s.' Who ever heard of an Alsatian who called the '*Ländle*' the 'department'?

But perhaps Glaeser chose an Alsatian setting only in order to show us something quite different through the medium of his art. Perhaps he wished to depict the inner uncertainty of the bourgeois of 1932, who is sailing on an open sea out of sight of land with a drifting anchor and a broken rudder. But in that case he should not have chosen as his setting a portion of France where the bourgeoisie is scarcely aware of this spiritual disorientation. Even the love story which is almost all the thin plot of this 'novel' amounts to is unconvincing, but the fullness, reality, penetration, and inward power of the natural descriptions make one regret that a gifted writer has here taken a false path.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Cocteau's Indirect Criticism

JEAN COCTEAU, as consistently himself as his own 'Enfants Terribles' (or indeed as G. B. Shaw), has shown unbelievable talent in continuing to shock a public usually supposed to have become impervious. His competitors of ten years ago in the scandalizing business now provoke more yawns than shudders, but not so Cocteau. *Opium*, even for those who could not assimilate much more than its well drawn and curiously repulsive illustrations, jars and sells to a generation that would regard *Le Grand Écart* as brilliant descriptive writing rather than spicy reading.

Cocteau's latest effort, the *Essai de Critique Indirecte*, a study of the Italian painter, Giorgio de Chirico, shocks but does not repel. The author is always fond of paradox and his preposterous statements contain grains of truth that undermine one's faith in cherished truisms. He takes impish delight in offending your most deep-rooted beliefs while flattering your unadmitted predilections. In this 'indirect criticism' ('indirect' being used like 'free' in 'free verse') he expands upon Chirico's paintings as a composer develops a fugue, distorting a familiar air and agitating it in various tempos. At the same time he reveals the theme by piercing through the obscurity which, more surely than contempt, is bred by familiarity.

Cocteau is fascinated by the matter-of-fact quality in the painter's fantastic arrangement. He explains his own method in summarizing Chirico's:—

'True realism consists in showing the surprising things that habit keeps under cover and prevents us from seeing. Our names lose their human form. None of us recognizes his own. A postman shouts it in a hotel corridor, a cashier asks us for it, pupils make fun of it in the schoolroom, and suddenly the covering is snatched away and our name is rudely revealed, detached from us, solitary and individual like some unfamiliar object. A Louis XVI chair strikes our eye chained to the sidewalk in front of an antique shop. It looks like some queer dog. But no; it's a Louis XVI chair. In a salon one would n't have noticed it. Chirico shows us reality by removing it from its normal surroundings.'

An artichoke, a bust of Minerva, and an upholstered chair are no less at home with each other in one of Chirico's cloud banks than Harpo Marx and Mozart in a paragraph of Cocteau's:—

'One evening I happened to see the Marx Brothers in *Animal Crackers*. Harpo, the incarnation of *The Magic Flute*, is what one would imagine *The Magic Flute* to be after the overture. He is what Mozart's libretto ought to have been. His red wig appears gray in the cinema; and it is a kind of gray that looks moving over a young face, the gray of olive trees. Wild little olive tree, man of the mist, man of snow, Harpo. From the minute that he appeared draped in his cape and wearing his battered top hat, with his cane that has a bicycle horn for a handle, from the minute that I saw him coming downstairs with his head bobbing in every direction, playing the lunatic rôle of the professor, I became his intimate friend. Will he know it? No matter. As Goethe would have said, "Does that affect him?" This is the risk of art and its excuse. From that day forth we never quit each other. In like manner, Chirico's intimate friends cannot be counted.'

Cocteau explains his sympathy with his subject by stating that he would not permit himself to praise Braque or Matisse, whom he calls poetic painters. 'I should then trespass upon art criticism. I can only admire them in silence.' How

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different is his attitude to Chirico, whom he classes as fundamentally a poet who happens to paint.

This new form of criticism is a good vehicle for Cocteau's talent. His book follows the disjointed form characteristic of French novelists and American columnists, but, if the light that is thrown on the subject is jerky and confused, it possesses a brilliance rarely encountered in conventional criticism. It is as though Chirico were shown in a film wonderfully well photographed, but thrown on the screen by a worn-out and flickering projector, the film itself having been snipped to pieces by a child, and pasted together again in the dark. It is bewildering, disconnected, and conducive to headache, but how many pages of academic critique on a painter's work one can go through without getting as definite an impression as Cocteau sometimes puts in one detached sentence. For instance: 'Silence parades, music at its head, through the streets of Chirico.'

According to the author's own dictum, 'a great painter makes his presence known by the single cry, "I am here."' Through 260 pages on Chirico, Jean Cocteau never allows you to forget that he himself is there, one moment holding you by the poetry of hypnotic strength, and the next casting aside the Æolian harp to turn handsprings and play the mouth organ. He keeps you constantly awake and attentive, if somewhat dazed.

Humor of the Ghetto

HUMOR is rarely an article of export. The jokes in *Punch* seem painfully slow and obvious to most Americans, the nonsense of Carroll and Lear means little to the French, the barrack-room stories of Georges Courteline are barely known outside France, German slapstick comedy is too broad for any foreign audiences except the devotees of American burlesque shows. Only the humor of the Jews has won international fame, a circumstance that is not so much due to the ubiquitousness of the race as to its distinctive qualities. For the ancestors of Charlie Chaplin, the Marx Brothers, and Al Jolson came from a background that gave them a peculiar kind of sensitiveness, a background that still exists in Europe and still provides food for laughter.

That background is the Ghetto, and a new book by Karl Benyovsky and Josef Grünsfeld entitled *Humor from the Pressburg Ghetto* and just published in Czechoslovakia contains some stories with the same universal appeal that has made so many Jewish comedians internationally famous. Here is one of them.

A Jewess came weeping to the divorce court and begged the presiding rabbi to give her a divorce from her husband. When the rabbi asked her why she wanted to be free she replied, '*Rebbe*, he has three great faults: he cannot pray, he cannot play cards, and he cannot drink.' 'But my dear woman,' the old rabbi replied in amazement, 'those are virtues, not grounds for divorce.' At this point the woman began weeping more bitterly than ever and managed to sob out, 'But, *Rebbe*, he cannot pray, but he tries to and I have to listen to him from the women's gallery, mortified at the way everybody laughs at him. He cannot play cards, but he does just the same and loses all his week's salary. And he can't drink, yet he does and staggers all over the street.'

The rabbi usually plays a superior rôle, but in the following story he becomes more human.

A rabbi was sitting in his garden lost in contemplation over a pile of Talmudic writings. His wife sat beside him knitting, hardly daring to move for fear of disturbing her husband. Suddenly somebody knocked on the garden door and a woman entered and launched into a savage attack on her husband. The rabbi listened for a while and then said, 'You're right, I'll have your husband summoned.' Soon after the husband appeared and complained about his wife, saying that she was ignoring

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their business and spending the whole day gossiping with the neighbors. Again the reflective rabbi answered, 'You're right.' When the man had gone away the wife of the rabbi inquired reproachfully, 'Why did you first agree with the wife and then with the husband?' And the wise rabbi answered quietly, 'My dear child, you're right, too.'

Here is a story that might have come from any part of the world.

A rich man was riding to the railway station in his automobile and he noticed a poor fellow going in the same direction, carrying an enormous bundle. He had his chauffeur stop and invited the poor man to take a seat in the automobile. Overwhelmed by the kindness of this act, the poor man sat down beside the rich one, holding his package on his knees. 'Why don't you put that heavy package down on the floor?' asked the rich man. 'No, no,' replied the other humbly, 'it's kind enough of you to give me a lift. Do you think I'm going to make you carry my package too?'

New Van Gogh Material

A THIN volume of letters to Vincent Van Gogh from his brother Théo has recently been published in Amsterdam. It will be of value chiefly as amplifying Van Gogh's own absorbingly interesting letters by providing a glimpse of the correspondence from the opposite side. But the book is also interesting on its own account. Théo's letters describe with touching simplicity, from the point of view of a worshiping younger brother, the tragedy of a tortured genius struggling against insanity.

Nearly all the letters are in French, and translations are added of those written in Dutch. As the superscriptions are omitted, they form a more continuous narrative than is usual in such collections, though they suffer somewhat from an absence of notes, especially to a reader who is not familiar with the mass of Van Gogh literature. The forty-one letters cover the last two years of Vincent's life and correspond to Volume Three of his own correspondence. During this time Vincent moved from Arles to a sanatorium at Saint-Rémy and from there to the neighborhood of Paris. Théo hoped that each move would free his brother from renewed attacks of violence, which, he believed, were the result of too much concentration on painting. He was probably correct, for the mass of Van Gogh's work was turned out in the six years from 1884 to 1890. The sympathy and tact of the patient younger brother are as remarkable as the violent lucidity of the mad painter, whom Théo urged not to risk his mind 'seeking the symbol by torturing the form and penetrating to that extreme point at which vertigo becomes inevitable.'

Théo was employed in the Goupil Galleries and the letters are full of refreshing comments on the new canvases that passed through his hands. He discusses with a completely untrammeled point of view paintings that in forty years have become classics beyond the range of discussion. He writes not only of his brother's and Gauguin's pictures, for which he tried desperately hard to find purchasers, but of Renoir, Seurat, and Pissarro. He supported his brother out of his own savings, and his letters are full of references to money, without which any picture of family life would, for most of us, lack authenticity.

Meier-Graefe in the introduction to his biography refers to Van Gogh's life as 'a drama which, since a certain duality is essential to the piece, might be called "Vincent and Théo," thereby honoring the one man who attempted to approach the heart of Vincent Van Gogh.' Théo's letters describe the little apartment in the Cité Pigalle where Théo and his young wife had hung one of Vincent's pictures so that it would get the best light. Pissarro and Gauguin frequently visited them, and Théo and Jo lived out their brief domestic career blinded by the spot-

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light that was focused upon Vincent, even when, like Hamlet's father, he was absent from the stage.

A French View of the American South

THE flag of the Southern Confederacy on the cover of *Sud*, by Pierre de Lanux, provides effective decoration and, to an American eye, looks rather startling among the yellow covers on a French bookstand. But the book itself does not give any clew to the interest Frenchmen might find in that particular chapter of American history. The opening account of the French settlements in Florida proves to be a false trail, and one is almost forced to the conclusion that it was the author's American connections that inspired him to write such a violently partisan study of the Confederacy.

The book is made up largely of unconnected sketches, many of them excerpts from contemporary reports and letters, assembled with a good deal of judgment, particularly when one bears in mind that they are designed for a public to which the subject matter is all more or less 'news.' In the account of the Civil War and the South's subsequent history, however, there is none of the breadth and simplification one would expect from a writer who takes such a long perspective. De Lanux feels that the Southerners are 'people whom their own national history calumniates,' and is thereby led into a historical transcript of considerable detail, which, to an American, is about as stimulating as hearing your uncle's favorite story rather inaccurately repeated at third hand by a total stranger.

'If Jules Verne and the *Iliad* could be melted into one book,' he says, 'we should have the story of the naval battles of the War of Secession.' But his own account of the battle of Mobile Bay does not suggest Jules Verne, and there is nothing Homeric in his picture of Farragut and Buchanan or of any of the land combats. Sherman alone inspired more than a schoolbook analysis.

'I look in vain for proof of his exceptional military talents in his victory over some tens of thousands of retreating Confederates and over a population of women and children whom, victoriously I confess, he drove from their homes before setting them afire. On the other hand, I feel a certain secret gratitude to Sherman for having frankly shown war as it is, and no longer as it was. Sherman is the first modern general who recognized, almost ingenuously, that war is an infernal thing, and who did his best to keep it on an infernal plane by word and action. Anything that could weaken or demoralize the enemy was legitimate. If he found no army before him he destroyed houses, burned crops, and killed livestock, not through cruelty, but as a blood sacrifice to the modern god of efficiency. In the March to the Sea, for the first time in modern warfare, hostilities were carried on systematically against a country, not against an army.'

M. de Lanux sees America, 'to whom nineteenth-century democracy looked,' as having pointed the way to the World War. If the South had been allowed to separate from the North 'without scandal,' as Norway did from Sweden, and if Russia and Austria-Hungary, instead of being 'empires with indivisible prides, interests, and fears,' had been confederations of free states (according to the original concept of the United States), Europe, he believes, could not have been plunged into war. He also argues that all great inspirational leaders and masters exert influence north of their origin. The present renaissance of the Southern states may thus prove strong enough to displace the tottering militarist and industrial civilization associated with the North. Thus he ends the book on a hopeful note for a new civilization founded on the Southern (individual) ideal, of which the Confederacy was the last conspicuous manifestation.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

merit but as a sample of the kind of literary and cultural material that we are now presenting with greater frequency.

M. JALOUX'S article is followed by another example of French interpretation of Germany. All our readers must have seen at least one German motion picture, and those who have any interest in the cinema have probably seen several. In any case, German films ever since the War have steadily shown the way to the rest of the world and at the same time have provided a marvelously exact mirror of what is known as the German soul. M. Chéronnet praises the Germans for their technical skill and for their devotion to art rather than to propaganda, money, or sensationalism. He also detects three *motifs* that appear in almost every German film—philosophy, legend, and lust. And the strongest of these is lust.

SO VARIED and complicated a country as India can be interpreted in many different ways, all of them effective if they are well handled because the subject is one of the richest in the world. Henri Michaux's essay, which he himself entitled 'A Barbarian in India,' is rigidly factual and describes nothing that cannot be communicated through one of the five senses. It provides another proof that the French genius is peculiarly adapted to factual reporting with plenty of humor thrown in for good measure.

HANS FALLADA'S novel, *Kleiner Mann —was nun?*, which was reviewed in our September issue, has become one of the most important books of the year in Germany. It describes the vicissitudes of Pinneberg, a clerk; his wife, Lämmchen; and their baby, Murkel. We have translated from *Die Literatur*, a literary monthly, a chapter illustrating Fallada's skillful use of dialogue and his understanding of the plight of the white-collar worker. Both in style and point of view he lives in a different world from such prewar writers as Hauptmann and Thomas Mann, and though he has not yet attained the stature of these men he represents the kind of writer that is coming into prominence in the new Germany.

THE first two items in our 'Persons and Personages' department should be regarded as virtually a single article. 'Gentlemen of the Herrenklub' names some of the men behind the scenes who control the present German Government and sketches the history of the mysterious organization through which they work. In 'Three Gentlemen of Berlin' Philippe Barrès tells about a dinner he had with three Berlin barons who are typical of the caste to which Von Schleicher belongs. It is evident from what they said that they fear Russia rather than France and that they anticipate a struggle between a demoralized Europe and the Red Army.

THE three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Spinoza fell in November 1932. We have therefore included a tribute by Joseph Chapiro, who is best known as Gerhart Hauptmann's Boswell, describing Spinoza as the fountain head of the modern spirit.

IT IS only because this issue contains seven articles on Franklin Roosevelt and Mr. Edge's discussion of Technocracy that we have omitted 'As Others See Us.' For, in spite of the attention that we feel American problems deserve at this time, we are being careful to keep THE LIVING AGE an eclectic review of the foreign press and of foreign affairs and to give ample space to literature, scholarship, and the arts. Next month, when there will be no such outstanding American topic as the recent election campaign, 'As Others See Us' will reappear in its usual form.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE increasing tensity of the international situation is now very generally admitted. The continued crisis in the Far East, the rapid degeneration of the European situation typified by the imminent rearming of Germany, and, lastly, the denunciation of the Anglo-Russian Trade Treaty as a first result of the attempt to align the British Empire against the rest of the world at Ottawa must surely have convinced even the most skeptical that the danger of war is real and growing.—*Bertrand Russell and Havelock Ellis.*

With this [Franco-Soviet nonaggression] pact France enters the very road which, when taken by Germany, was made a reproach to her on the grounds that she was secretly trafficking with the Soviets. The pact removes the fears expressed by Russia in the last ten years lest France head an anti-Soviet line-up. —'*Germania*,' *German Centrist Daily.*

Lord D'Abernon, recent British ambassador in Berlin, called the Polish Corridor 'the powder cask of Europe.' Mussolini was quoted by an English monthly in 1930 as saying that 'if no action is taken, sooner or later an explosion will occur.' Action must be taken at an early time to revise this part of the Versailles Treaty. Courts of arbitration must be established which render decisions in equity. Whoever does not believe in decisions by the sword, whoever wants to save mankind from another disaster like the World War and promote a higher standard of civilization for all nations, is called upon to unite in a fight for a just system of peace that can secure us a sound basis for reconstruction.—*Dr. Julius Curtius, former German Foreign Minister.*

Two things that must be achieved in European diplomacy are the security of France and the equality of Germany. The only way to achieve these is through recognition by all states that war anywhere concerns everybody. —*Lord Lytton.*

The economic crisis converted the die-hards of the whole world into a pack of hounds fighting for a bone. With what can the die-hards tempt the other powers into a joint crusade against the U. S. S. R.? Their barking can only harm them, revealing to the whole world their impotence.—'*Izvestia*,' *Moscow Communist Daily.*

That peace and order may hold sway in the place of violence and anarchy the wide world over, and a reign of liberty and civilized comity bring happiness to mankind everywhere, is well worth every effort.—*Dr. Wilhelm Miklas, President of Austria.*

War is a part of nature and we must be inspired by the spirit of God, which is one of sacrifice, rather than by the selfish dictates of nature.—*Professor André Philip, University of Lyon, France.*

When the French press speaks of civilization and peace there is generally some hidden strategic purpose.—'*Deutsche Tageszeitung*,' *Berlin conservative daily.*

The time has now come for prompt and decisive action by the League and all the nations that are coöperating with the League to bring about a solution to which China is entitled under the Covenant. Further hesitation would not only entail more bloodshed and suffering to millions of people in Manchuria but would also shake the confidence in the efficacy of the League as a great bulwark of peace and justice.—*Dr. W. W. Yen, head of Chinese delegation to the League of Nations.*

We would regret any hurried action now by the League and we are sure that the League would regret it also. We have worked for a long time with the League in an effort to promote and maintain peace, and we want to continue this coöperation. We want no more territory. We do not want Manchuria.—*Yosuke Matsuoka, head of Japanese delegation to the League of Nations.*

The names of warring militarists are anathema to the people. Previously the Government was accused of being too eager to fight, but it is finding its policy of refusal to fight except against the Reds gaining wide popularity.—*T. V. Soong, Nanking Finance Minister.*

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